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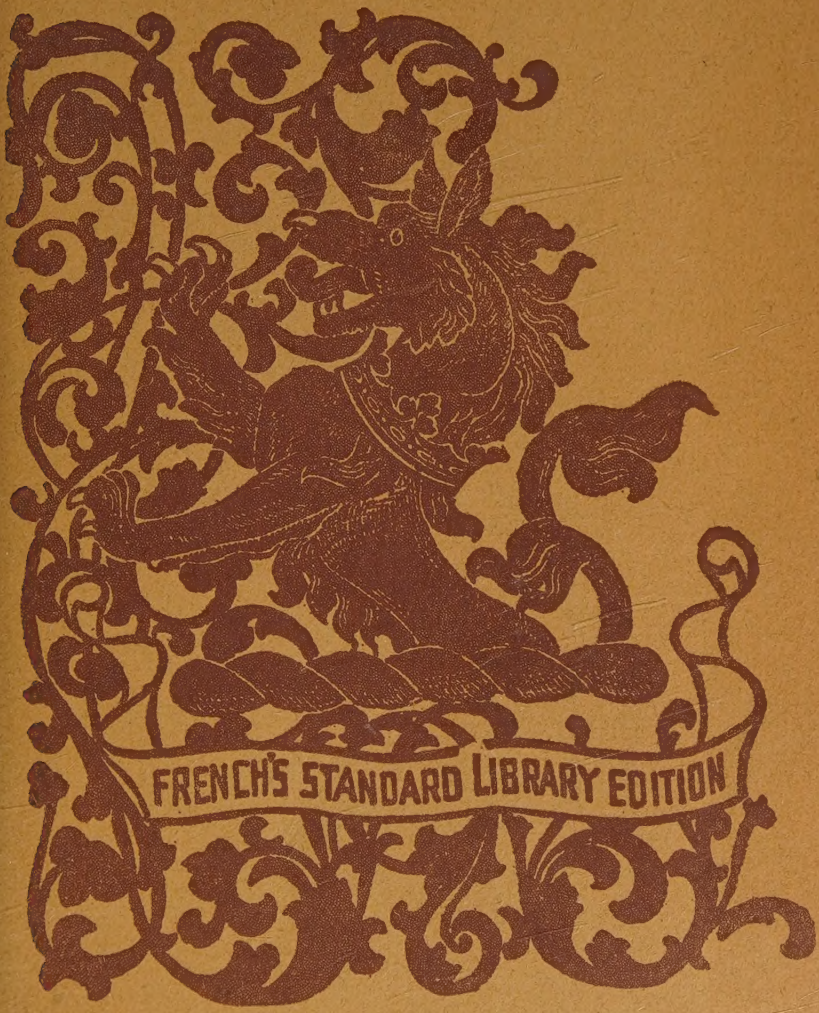
# JANICE MEREDITH

By EDWARD E. ROSE *and* PAUL LEICESTER FORD

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**SAMUEL FRENCH, 25 West 45th Street, New York City**
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# JANICE MEREDITH

*A PLAY IN FOUR ACTS*

BY

EDWARD E. ROSE
AND
PAUL LEICESTER FORD

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## CAST OF CHARACTERS

LORD CLOWES
SQUIRE MEREDITH
MOBRAY
PHILEMON
BRERETON
RAHL
CHARLES
SQUIRE HENNION
PIEL
BURGER
BUNTLING
ROSSCOMB
SUKEY *(Colored)*
BAGLEY
MESSENGER
ORDERLY
SERGEANT
HEINRICHS
AIDE
SENTRY
SOLDIER
JANICE
MRS. MEREDITH
TABITHA DRINKWATER
WILLS

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# JANICE MEREDITH

## ACT I

SCENE: *Exterior of Greenwood in New Jersey.*

TIME: *May 1st, 1775.*

*The house is a large one and occupies nearly the whole of stage* L. *Its front door with a typical porch of this period is placed at an angle,* L.2E., *and extends nearly to* L.C. *Below it is the entrance to the kitchen; porch over this door also. Both entrances are covered with vines. In the* C. *at the back is seen the beginning of the outbuildings; these extend from* R.C. *up and off* R.U.E. *Note here that the line of these buildings is not straight across stage, but extends up and off* R.U.E. *Treat the space between the house* L. *and the line of buildings* R.C. *as though it were a driveway that led up to the house and barn from roadway. A fence extends from the house to the barn and is broken by a gateway. That part of the farm buildings about stage* R.C. *is supposed to be the smoke house; its door is practicable and opens on the stage. It is built solid and has an old-fashioned hasp and bolt. On stage* R. *is the woodland; a fence, similar to that which extends between the house and barn* L.C. *reaches from the corner of the smoke house down to* R.2E. *A stone wall begins here and goes off in* R. *This wall is broken; several of the boulders composing it have dropped from*

*their places and have formed a natural stile. Beyond the wall and fence is woodland. An old-fashioned well, practicable, is* R.C. *About the curb, which is made of stone, there is a bench in front of well. Two chairs on veranda.*

*It is the very last of spring, almost summer, and the stage is filled with flower beds, about the fence* R. *and up* L.C., *around the house* L. *and well* R.C.

*As the curtain rises it is 4 P. M. on a warm day.*

DISCOVERED: SQUIRE MEREDITH *on lower step of veranda* L. *He holds a country newspaper of that period in his hand.* SQUIRE HENNION *is sitting in chair on veranda.* MRS. MEREDITH *is seen working about in the kitchen* L. *with* SUKEY. SQUIRE MEREDITH *crumples newspaper angrily and crosses to well* R.C.

SQUIRE MEREDITH. May Belza seize them all! *(Speaking as he walks.)*

MRS. MEREDITH. *(At kitchen door* L.*)* Lambert!

MEREDITH. *(Turning)* I know, wife, I know, but blame the heat of my language to these rebels who dare question our good and sovereign King! May Belza!—— *(Crosses* R.*)*

SQUIRE HENNION. I wouldn't holler too loud, Meredith. Them Invincibles has a kittle of tar they're more'n anxious to try on some feller. *(Rises, comes down on stage* L.C.*)* They mean business!

MEREDITH. Not rebellion, man.

HENNION. Wa'al, it has a squint that way.

MEREDITH. And Lieutenant Mobray dallies here when he should be with his company at Brunswick. *(Crosses to house* L. MRS. MEREDITH *busy at kitchen* L.*)*

HENNION. *(*R.C.*)* Wait, jest a minute, Squire.

MEREDITH. *(Turns)* Well?

HENNION. I want ter settle this business I kim fur! 'Bout my boy Philemon an' Janice. *(R.C.)*

MEREDITH. *(L.C.)* Where is Philemon?

HENNION. Wa'al, Philemon's narvous as a colt. Hain't ever done any real sparkin'. So I said ter him, "I'll go ahead 'n' just break the ice fur ye." Oh, Phil's comin'; he's got his courage up at last!

MEREDITH. *(Up* L.C.*)* I'd have ye speak to Mrs. Meredith.

HENNION. Certainly! *(Comes down to* MRS. MEREDITH *at kitchen* L.*)* Ye see, Mrs. Meredith—

CLOWES. *(Enters from house* L.*, papers in his hand)* Your pardon, Squire Meredith. *(Crosses* R.C.*)*

MEREDITH. Ended your business matters already, Lord Clowes?

CLOWES. Nay. Come upon a most important matter, sir! *(Crosses* R.C.*)*

HENNION. *(L. at kitchen)* Sumthin' thet ain't ter yer likin', hey? (SQUIRE MEREDITH C.*)*

CLOWES. *(R.)* Aye, sir, you've hit it. Those yokels of Brunswick are gathering arms and drilling. They have even a store of gunpowder!

HENNION. Gittin' ready, ye see!

MEREDITH. *(Crosses* L.C.*)* Now where is Lieutenant Mobray, wife?

MRS. MEREDITH. *(Enter at* L.*)* I've not seen him. (SQUIRE MEREDITH *crosses down* C.*, looking down woods path* R.*)*

CLOWES. *(Down* C.*, slightly* R.*)* If I might suggest, find your daughter Mistress Janice, and Lieutenant Mobray'll not be far behind.

MRS. MEREDITH. *(L.)* Didst ever hear the like?

HENNION. *(L.C. Laughs)* Swamp me, you've hit it. Janice kin keep more of you fellers at her apron strings——

MOBRAY. *(Opens door of smoke house* R.C.*)* You

wrong the lady, gentlemen! *(All turn to him with a start.)*

MRS. MEREDITH. *(To* L.C.*)* Indeed, Lieutenant, we missed thee. *(*CLOWES *to* R., *around well.)*

MOBRAY. *(*L.C. *Bending over her hand)* The mother of our heart's desire is most kind.

MEREDITH. *(Crosses to* R.C. SQUIRE HENNION *back of well* R.C.*)* And what do you, sir, in the smoke house?

MOBRAY. *(*L.C.*)* Truly, sir, I rested mine eyes that have ached with gazing on your daughter's beauty.

HENNION. Now ain't thet putty? (MEREDITH *joins* HENNION *back of well* R.C.*)*

CLOWES. *(Crosses to* C.*)* Some gentlemen seek privacy to meditate on their debts.

MOBRAY. Nay, Lord Clowes, competition's so keen for a word with Miss Janice that I'm forced to picket duty! My creditors do not trouble me.

CLOWES. *(Crosses up* C., *joined by* HENNION*)* They may some day.

MEREDITH. *(Down to* MOBRAY C.*)* Know you, sir, that these Brunswick varlets have powder hoarded in the town, and arms?

MOBRAY. Aye, and have seen their drill; from a safe distance. *(To* L.C. *a little.)*

CLOWES. Safe, eh? *(With a sneer.)*

MOBRAY. Aye, sir. Not being a spy, I take no unfair advantage. *(Turns to* MRS. MEREDITH.*)*

HENNION. *(Down on* MEREDITH'S L.*)* We'd best get this marriage of Janice and Philemon fixed while peace lasts, Squire.

CLOWES. *(Turns quickly to* HENNION*)* So!

HENNION. *(Meeting him* C.*)* Wa'al, tain't no secret. Janice an' Philemon are goin' ter make a match on't!

MOBRAY. I'll go back to the smoke house and expire. (MEREDITH *meets him up* R.C.*)*

CLOWES. 'Tis a sudden betrothal!

HENNION. Ain't no time ter lose with so many fellers roun' the sugar. Hey, Squire? *(Crosses to* R.C.*)*

MOBRAY. *(Down* C.*)* Your son, sir, is a lucky man. *(Down* C.*)*

HENNION. *(*R.C.*)* Wa'al, he deserves it. I tell you Philemon's a man you won't see the like of in a day's run—weighs two hundred pounds!

MOBRAY. Sir, he is worthy of the honor!

HENNION. Fine feller. Knows his business with a gal, you hear me! *(Crosses* R. MOBRAY *crosses to* MRS. MEREDITH.*)*

PHILEMON. *(Enters* L.C. *Leans over gate)* Dad! Say, Dad!

HENNION. Come in, Philemon. We're all waitin' fur ye! (PHILEMON *chuckles and fumbles at gate up* L.C.*)*

SQUIRE MEREDITH. *(Up* R.C.*)* Open the gate.

PHILEMON. I can't. Got somethin' in my hand.

CLOWES. *(Opens gate)* Let me be Cupid's ambassador! (PHILEMON *comes down, grinning at* CLOWES *and the company. His clothes are dusty. He holds his right hand to his breast as though guarding something; in his left he holds an old-fashioned horse collar, dragging it by one strap.)*

PHILEMON. *(As they come down,* PHILEMON L.C., CLOWES R.C. *PAUSE. As they come down,* PHILEMON *grinning)* Thank ye, sir. Do's much fur you when ye git ketched this way!

MOBRAY. *(*L. *Goes up to meet* PHILEMON L.C.*)* Room for the happy man.

PHILEMON. *(*C.*)* Meanin' who, Lieutenant?

MOBRAY. *(*L.C.*)* Yourself.

PHILEMON. Git out! *(Laughs.)*

HENNION. *(Down* R.C.*)* What'n time ye got thar, Philemon? (CLOWES *with* MEREDITH *above well* R.C.*)*

PHILEMON. *(C.)* Old Gray's collar, we lost last harvest time!

MOBRAY. *(L.C.)* And what in the other, if I may make so bold?

PHILEMON. *(Looks at* MOBRAY) A present for Janice. (MOBRAY *laughs; moves up* L.C.)

HENNION. *(R.C.)* Aha! Ye see Philemon knows!

MRS. MEREDITH. *(Crosses to* C.) And what hast thou brought Janice?

PHILEMON. I'll tell you. *(Goes over to* R. *of well—with* MRS. MEREDITH. *Puts down collar, sits and opens his hand slowly, showing* MRS. MEREDITH *what it contains.)*

BAGLEY. *(Enters gate* L.C.) Afternoon, Squire Meredith.

SQUIRE MEREDITH. *(Crosses to* R.C., *above well)* Ah, Mr. Bagley, you know our friends?

BAGLEY. In course. Seen 'em often 'nough!

PHILEMON. *(To* MRS. MEREDITH) It be a pullet's egg, laid by the Brahma Janice sent me.

MRS. MEREDITH. And for Janice?

PHILEMON. Aye.

SQUIRE MEREDITH. Get within, gentlemen, and ye'll—*(Down* C., *then crosses up stage end of veranda* L.)—find refreshments.

BAGLEY. That suits me, Squire. *(Exits house* L.)

CLOWES. *(Laying his hand on* MOBRAY'S *arm as they go up steps of veranda)* He can give us information of the powder.

MOBRAY. I do not doubt it. He has a hang dog air! *(They exeunt house* L.)

HENNION. *(Down* C.) Now where's your gal Janice?

MRS. MEREDITH. I cannot tell. *(To* SUKEY, *who enters from kitchen* L.) Where's Janice, Sukey? Dost know?

SUKEY. She ain't in de kitchen, Missus! *(Exit* L.I.)

MEREDITH. *(Crosses to* R.C.*)* The lass went across fields with Tabitha Drinkwater an hour ago.

MRS. MEREDITH. Lambert!

MEREDITH. Now, what's amiss? *.(Stops; turns to her.)*

MRS. MEREDITH. Charles was seen going that way at noon. (MEREDITH *utters an exclamation and goes to wall* R. MRS. MEREDITH *crosses to* L.*)*

HENNION. Your bondman, eh! *(Down* C.*)*

MEREDITH. Aye, a sulky brute.

(PHILEMON, *during this, sits on* R. *of well and is working on horse collar. The egg he has put in his hat for safe keeping.* MRS. MEREDITH *exits kitchen* L.*)*

HENNION. But with an eye for a pretty lass, eh?

MEREDITH. What mean ye, sir? *(Crosses to* R.C. *Faces* HENNION.*)*

HENNION. Nuthin', but 'tis as well Janice's to be hitched ter Philemon! He's come ter pop ter her. *(They move over to well. As they converse* PHILEMON *takes no notice.* PHILEMON *is on right of well, on bench; horse collar is on up stage side of him.)*

MEREDITH. *(As they move towards well)* Let him remember to woo her gently, 'tis a timid maid!

HENNION. *(Moving towards well)* Dang it, no. Go at it like a man, arm about waist, an' a kiss first off. Tell 'ee, I knows the lassies!

MEREDITH. *(Getting warmer)* Not Janice!

HENNION. All alike, Squire! *(Laughs.)*

MEREDITH. Now confound you for a coarse-grained——

HENNION. *(On* L. *of well)* Philemon's b'in' well brought up, he'll——

MEREDITH. He'll get his ears boxed and make us the laughing stock of the country! It's not the way. *(Crosses right of well.)*

HENNION. I tell 'ee, we'll leave it ter Philemon. *(By this time the two old fellows are on each side of* PHILEMON, *who is busily working without raising his head.)*

PHILEMON. *(Looking up at them and chuckling)* I knows a thing or two, Father!

MEREDITH. Philemon, lad! Tell us thy plan? *(R.)*

PHILEMON. Make her fast wi' a bit o' wire!

MEREDITH. Hay!

PHILEMON. An' clinch her wi' iron rivets.

HENNION. What's that,—Janice?

PHILEMON. Lord, no, Dad. Old Gray's collar. *(Holding it up, rises, chuckles quietly.)*

MEREDITH. *(Laughs)* And that's how he comes to woo Janice?

(TABITHA *enters by the gate up* L.C. *and steals down to the house* L. MRS. MEREDITH *enters from kitchen* L., *but does not see* TABITHA.)

PHILEMON. There be Tabitha Drinkwater!

MRS. MEREDITH. *(Turning sharply around corner of house* L.*)* Tabitha?

TABITHA. *(Starting guiltily on the steps)* Yes, madam! *(Comes down slowly to* L.C. *to* MRS. MEREDITH.*)*

HENNION. *(To* PHIL*)* Try yer hand at sparkin' her, Philemon.

PHILEMON. *(Starts over to* TABITHA. *Pause. Grows confused)* Old Gray's collar be mended, Tabitha.

TABITHA. *(*L.C. *Venomously at* PHILEMON*)* Tattle-tale! *(Stamps on his toe.)*

MRS. MEREDITH. Tabitha!
PHILEMON. Ah! *(Together)*

TABITHA. Yes, Madame! *(Goes to* MRS. MERE-

DITH L. PHILEMON *makes a bee line for gate* L.C.)

HENNION. *(To* SQUIRE MEREDITH) Mark ye Philemon's cute way with Tabitha.

MEREDITH. *(Around right of well to* R.) I do! Dost see him now?

HENNION. *(As he sees* PHILEMON *going out of gate)* Dang it, hold on, Philemon. *(Draws him back to up* C.)

MRS. MEREDITH. *(*L.) And where is Janice?

TABITHA. *(*L.C.) Indeed, madam, I do not know. I left her by the woods path.

HENNION. *(*R.C.) The way your bondman Charles took, hey?

MEREDITH. *(*R.) Now what mean ye? *(Crosses up* C. *to* HENNION.)

HENNION. Nuthin', Squire. Don't get fidgety. *(Up* C. *with* MEREDITH.)

*(There is a sharp exclamation from* BAGLEY *and* MOBRAY *in the house and* BAGLEY *runs on to* L., *his handkerchief out, mopping his face.* MOBRAY *appears on veranda with* CLOWES. TABITHA *utters a cry.)*

BAGLEY. Darn ye, Lieutenant Mobray!

MOBRAY. You got less than you deserved, sir. *(On lower step of veranda.* PHILEMON, *in the pause, looks about at the angry faces, then makes a bee line for the gate* L.C.)

HENNION. Philemon! *(Stops him.)*

PHILEMON. Them calves hain't bin fed since mornin'!

MEREDITH. *(Down* C.) In the name of all wonder, what ails ye?

BAGLEY. *(*R.) Ask yer fine cockolorum officer thar!

MOBRAY. *(*L.C.) Your pardon, ladies, and you

also, Squire Meredith, but I could not endure this fellow's brags of rebellion against my sovereign!

MEREDITH. Did you dare, sir——

BAGLEY. Come, Squire. Don't git yer dander up. You ought ter know it's only a question of days when the first shot's fired.

CLOWES. *(On upper step of veranda)* It will be an evil day for you, sir. *(Crosses down* C. *Talks with* MOBRAY.)

BAGLEY. We'll chance it, here in Jersey. And so, Squire, I rode over ter ask fer your share of the money that powder cost.

MEREDITH. What! Now defend us Heaven, you ask me to contribute. Ah, I shall choke.

BAGLEY. That's what we war talkin' 'bout when young Mr. Officer thar up and thru his glass of punch in my eyes!

MEREDITH. *(Roaring)* Get off my land! Get out of my sight! May the foul fiend seize thee!

PHILEMON. *(Makes a start for gate—*SQUIRE HENNION *catches him)* Dad, I know thet pair of steers need me ter hum!

BAGLEY. *(Staggers over to gate)* I'm on my way, Squire. Don't git excited.

MEREDITH. Saddle Joggles for me. Where's that cursed Charles? *(Up* C.*)*

CHARLES. *(Enters from woods* R. *over wall)* I be here, zur!

MEREDITH. *(Turns)* And in good time, ye lazy—— *(Sees he has no coat.)* How dare you come into my presence with no coat! (CLOWES *comes down veranda steps around at back to* CHARLES R.*)*

CHARLES. I ask your pardon, sir. I be a swimmin' by da river an' ma coat war taken.

BAGLEY. *(Up* C.*)* When I come ag'in, Squire, I'll have the Invincibles at my back an' you'll pay!

SQUIRE. Some of your riff-raff!

BAGLEY. *(Up* C.*)* Pooty well drilled, they say!

MEREDITH. Drilled and by whom? (BAGLEY *laughs.)*

CLOWES. *(As* CHARLES *comes on, has come from veranda across to* R.C., *around well and is now at* CHARLES' *right elbow and speaks sharply)* Ask your bondman!

CHARLES. What! By Heaven! *(Turns on* CLOWES; *his hand goes to his hip.)*

CLOWES. No, bond servants do not wear bayonets. *(Laughs, crosses up* R.C. *Speaks to* HENNION *up* R.C.*)*

MEREDITH. So, sir, you have been drilling these countrymen!

CHARLES. Yes, if you must have it, and am proud of the position. (SQUIRE MEREDITH *turns up* R.C.; *meets* CLOWES.*)*

BAGLEY. That's right! Stick to that! Good arternoon, Squire. *(Slams gate and exits* L.C.*)*

MRS. MEREDITH. Tabitha, go to your work in the kitchen.

TABITHA. Yes, madam! *(Goes up on veranda* L. *Pauses as* SQUIRE *speaks to* CHARLES.*)*

MEREDITH. *(Down* R.C. *As* CHARLES *starts for gate* L.C. MEREDITH *crosses up* L.C. *to gate)* Stop, sir. Where are ye goin'?

CHARLES. *(*C.*)* To saddle Joggles as you ordered!

MEREDITH. *(*R.C.*)* Nay. I'll first talk over this insubordination of thine with Lord Clowes. *(Turns to* CLOWES, R.C.*)*

CHARLES. You'd best look to yourself, Squire Meredith.

MEREDITH. *(*R.C. *Wheeling abruptly and coming face to face with* CHARLES) What mean ye, fellow?

CHARLES. Ask of Bagley. He'll tell you when he returns.

MEREDITH. And you side with him—by—Heaven! *(Raises his walking stick.)*

MRS. MEREDITH. Lambert! (TABITHA *utters a low cry from veranda* L.)

JANICE. *(Enters* R. *at the break in the stone wall. She has a covered tin pail on her arm)* Dad dear!

MOBRAY. 'Tis sunrise at Greenwood. (CLOWES *and* SQUIRE *cross to veranda* L. MOBRAY *goes over to her and offers his right hand to help* JANICE *from the wall.)*

HENNION. *(To* PHILEMON*)* Goin' ter let Lieutenant cut ye out?

PHILEMON. Nay, Dad. *(Starts down* C.*)*

JANICE. The wall is not so high, Lieutenant.

MOBRAY. Nevertheless, 'tis an honor to assist a goddess from her pedestal! (JANICE *laughs and gives* MOBRAY *her hand—comes down from wall and crosses* MOBRAY *to* R.C.*)*

JANICE. I know not what you mean! *(Comes face to face with* PHILEMON C. MOBRAY *turns, goes over above well to* C. *At back* PHILEMON *has the old horse collar over his right arm and his left hand guarding the pullet's egg in his left hand pocket.* HENNION *on his* L. *and a little above him.)*

PHILEMON. *(Chuckles and makes an awkward bow)* I seen thee come down from the wall—like—like old Hornspeckle, our gander. (HENNION *strikes him with cane.)* Don't 'ee, Father, you hurt. (HENNION *up* C.*)*

JANICE. *(*R.*)* How can anyone match that for a compliment! Old Hornspeckle the gander!

CLOWES. *(At veranda steps)* Mr. Hennion deals in rural illustrations.

JANICE. *(Tapping the collar on* PHILEMON'S *arm)* Do they harness thee now, Philemon?

PHILEMON. *(Throws back his head and roars with laughter)* Didst hear that, Father? Harness me!

HENNION. Darn ye, Phil! *(Puts his hand on* PHILEMON.)

PHILEMON. Nay, Father, take care. You nigh broke the pullet's egg that time.

MRS. MEREDITH. *(L.)* Where hast thou been, Janice?

JANICE. *(At bench* C. *with pail)* To walk in the fields, mama, with Tabitha.

MEREDITH. And the pail? *(Foot of veranda steps with* CLOWES.)

JANICE. For berries if we should find them. (PHILEMON *roars with laughter. Comes down* R.C.*)* What is the jest, Philemon?

PHILEMON. Didst hear that, Father: berries, berries in May. *(Exit* PHILEMON *and* HENNION L.C.*)*

JANICE. 'Twas Tabitha's thought. She has learned no better in Trenton.

TABITHA. Nay, Janice.

*(Exit* TABITHA *and* MRS. MEREDITH *in kitchen.)*

JANICE. And when she found none, she grew so angry and marched away. (CHARLES *makes a movement to go through gate* L.C.*)*

MEREDITH. Nay, sir, you remain here.

JANICE. Fie, Charles, hast thou been misbehaving?

CLOWES. A question of loyalty has arisen. *(On steps.)*

JANICE. And is it one so knotty that Charles must take off his coat to unravel it? Charles, I protest you shock me quite.

CHARLES. My coat was stolen.

JANICE. Yes, I know that.

CHARLES. You do?

JANICE. Of course, I mean I know it now.

MEREDITH. 'Tis not seemly. Get ye within, sir.

CHARLES. Aye, sir. *(Starts to take pail.)*

JANICE. Nay, Dad, there's my beds to be hoed. *(Crosses to take pail.)*

MEREDITH. Well, Janice, I leave him to you. *(Exit* MEREDITH *and* CLOWES *into house.)*

JANICE. Dost hear that, sir? . . . Thou art left to me.

CHARLES. I would it might be so.

JANICE. Indeed!

CHARLES. Ah! Don't you know?

JANICE. Nay, there's the beds to be hoed. *(Crosses* R.*)*

CHARLES. I'll not hoe the beds.

JANICE. They are my flower beds.

CHARLES. Any service for you, Miss Janice, is an honor. *(Starts up* C.*)*

JANICE. 'Tis a pity thy coat is lost. *(Sits on pail.)*

CHARLES. Do you know of it?

JANICE. What should I know of thy coat? Come to work. *(He hesitates.)* 'Tis for me.

CHARLES. Aye, right merrily thy beds shall be hoed. *(Crosses up* C.*)*

JANICE. Charles! (CHARLES *gets hoe from above house* L. *and sets to work up* L.C.*)*

MRS. MEREDITH. Janice! *(Comes down steps and runs up and looks off* L. *offstage. Crosses to* L.C.*)* You have idled all day, and Tabitha, too!

JANICE. *(*R.C.*)* Not I, Mama.

TABITHA. *(Who has entered)* Indeed, Madam— *(Down steps of veranda to* L.C.*)*

MRS. MEREDITH. There, not another word. There's the churn waits thee. *(Calls)* Sukey, get all ready. *(Exit kitchen* L.*)*

SUKEY. *(Off)* Ye'es, Missy.

TABITHA. *(Over to* JANICE *at well* R.C.*)* Janice, where is Charles' coat?

JANICE. I have it safe.

TABITHA. *(Moves to* L.C. *as though watching*

*kitchen door for* MRS. MEREDITH. *In a low, scared tone to* JANICE) Is it in the pail, Janice?

JANICE. *(To* C. *Takes pail from arm and holds it up in her right hand)* Aye, quite safe.

(SUKEY *enters with pail and fixes churn.)*

MOBRAY. *(Has made a movement to go into house* L.—*stops as he sees the pail in* JANICE'S *hand)* Let me assist you. *(Down* C. *Takes pail from* JANICE.)

JANICE. *(Turns with a cry)* No, no! (TABITHA *utters a low cry. The pail is upset and falls* C.*)*

MOBRAY. *(*C. *Laughing)* What a commotion. *(Raises pail, laughing.* CHARLES' *coat falls out.)* By Hercules, a coat!

JANICE. *(Taking it across* L.C.*)* Why, so it is. Tabbie, I wonder at thee.

TABITHA. At me—why——

JANICE. I'll not pay the penalty of thy misdeeds. Here, take the coat. *(Puts it on* TABITHA'S *arm.)*

TABITHA. What shall I do with it?

MRS. MEREDITH. *(In kitchen)* Janice!

JANICE. I know not. 'Twas not I that stole a man's coat while he bathed in the river, and mummy is coming for thee.

MRS. MEREDITH. Janice!

*(MUSIC Ready.)*

TABITHA. Mercy! *(Exits into house with* CHARLES' *coat in her arms.)*

JANICE. Well may you run, Miss Guilty Conscience!

MRS. MEREDITH. *(Comes to kitchen door with large apron. Holds it up)* Janice, come here and have thy tire on. (MOBRAY *comes down* L. *and sees* MRS. MEREDITH. *Bus. Runs up.)*

JANICE. Yes, Mummy. *(Goes over and into kitchen* L.I.)

*(Music, "British Grenadiers," fife and drum. Exit* SUKEY.)

MOBRAY. *(Laughs and runs to steps of veranda; turns as* CHARLES *comes around the angle of the house, hoeing beds.* MOBRAY *stops, leans against pillar of veranda and speaks quietly)* Charlie!

CHARLES. *(Stops, leans on hoe)* Well!

MOBRAY. Nay, d'ye think I do not recognize you? Charlie, old comrade, your upright carriage suits this bondman's livery most damnably.

CHARLES. I know not what you mean.

MOBRAY. Tut, man, the mark of the King's service is on you. Come, the bugles will sound soon and the regiment needs you.

CHARLES. Fred! *(Clasps hands.)*

MOBRAY. *(Takes his hand)* That's better. Shoulder to shoulder and knee to knee as in the old days in England. Come, old comrade, we've work to do.

CHARLES. And what work? To enslave a people who have earned their freedom.

MOBRAY. Nay, Charlie.

CHARLES. 'Tis true. Into this wilderness they came and conquered it.

MOBRAY. You speak as one of them.

CHARLES. Why not? I've worked beside them, seen a desert land made to bloom. Look about you: This has been won by honest toil; 'tis ours, and now you and your regulars come to exact a tax that is unjust—but by the Lord, you'll have to fight before we give it.

MOBRAY. You *were* one of us.

CHARLES. Yes; when I knew no better, but I know now. I came here a stranger, an outcast with nothing but my head and hands. But there was freedom in the air; I could stand erect—no King to bow before. I was free, and now by Heaven I'll stay and help free this land from England's clutch.

MOBRAY. No other reason?

CHARLES. What do you mean?

MOBRAY. Ah, Charlie, can I not see? A winsome face is here, eyes that would madden any man: Mistress Janice.

CHARLES. 'Tis true; why deny it? My heart is there.

MOBRAY. And you a bondman!

CHARLES. To her, yes; but I mean to win her.

MOBRAY. 'Tis madness, Charlie. Come back to us.

CHARLES. No. In England there's no place for me. But here 'tis what a man *is* that counts, and if war comes, I'll be on the Colonies' side.

MOBRAY. And fight against your King.

CHARLES. Aye, he's none of mine. Here is a land that welcomes the oppressed with open arms. Here I'll stay and fight against ye for the right. *(Crosses to* R.*)*

*(Music forte to bring Grenadiers on. Cross to* R. *A small detachment of Grenadiers enter at gate and come down* C. SERGEANT *salutes.)*

MOBRAY. *(Crosses to* R.C. *and returns* SERGEANT'S *salute)* Good, you are on time, Sergeant. What head, think ye, Charles, your unformed stragglers can make against these regulars?

CHARLES. With no better weapons than these, we'll show you when the time comes. *(Business with hoe.)*

MEREDITH. *(Enters from house)* Now what have we here?

MOBRAY. *(*R.C.*)* A precaution, Squire Meredith. Sergeant, post your men on the other side of the house! Left, about face, forward, march. *(The Grenadiers exeunt driveway* L.C.*)*

MEREDITH. 'Tis well thought of, Lieutenant.

Come and we'll take counsel concerning this powder! (MOBRAY *crosses to veranda; goes up steps.)*

CHARLES. *(Up* C.*)* Squire Meredith, wilt please tell me what you paid for my bond?

MEREDITH. *(On veranda)* And why?

CHARLES. I'd buy my freedom, sir.

MEREDITH. *(Laughs)* Hoity-toity, sir bondman, the notion does not please me. Come, Lieutenant. *(Exit house* L.3E.*)*

MOBRAY. *(On step of house* L.*)* Bethink thee, Charlie!

CHARLES. My mind's made up, Fred! I'll never wear the King's colors again! (MOBRAY *exits house* L.3E. SUKEY *enters, takes churn to* L., *then exit.)*

(CHARLES *resumes hoeing out through gate* L.C.*)*

MRS. MEREDITH. *(Enters from kitchen* L.2E. *Crosses to* R.C.*)* Janice!

JANICE. *(Enters from kitchen* L.2E. *with large apron on)* Yes, Mummy.

MRS. MEREDITH. The churn awaits thee.

JANICE. Yes, Mummy. *(Goes to churn* L.C.*)*

MRS. MEREDITH. Now where is that forward Tabitha?

JANICE. She ran within, Mummy.

MRS. MEREDITH. To make eyes at the men, I'll be bound.

JANICE. There was a wicked look in her eye, Mummy.

MRS. MEREDITH. I'll fetch her; she shall see. *(Exits house* L.*)*

(SQUIRE HENNION *enters with* PHILEMON L.C.*)*

HENNION. Now's ye time, Philemon. She's alone. I told ye I'd help ye.

PHILEMON. *(Looks at* JANICE*)* Danged if I know how ter begin. *(Both up* C.*)*

HENNION. Walk up man fashion and put yer arm around her waist.

PHILEMON. I be mortal frightened, but I'll do it. *(Start stoward* JANICE. SQUIRE HENNION *sils by well* R.C. JANICE *hums as she churns* L.C.*)*

JANICE. Art coming to help me, Philemon?

PHILEMON. Aye! *(Close to her, surveys her waist, then looks back at* SQUIRE HENNION *and nods to him and chuckles. Then suddenly puts his left arm about* JANICE.*)*

JANICE. *(Looks up in* PHILEMON'S *face, smiling)* That's right, Philemon. Tie my tire closely. 'Tis but loose now.

PHILEMON. *(Bends down behind* JANICE, *eyes on his father, who gesticulates violently at him)* Aye!

JANICE. Now that's so good of thee. Tell me, Philemon, if war comes, will thee fight?

PHILEMON. *(Backing away from* JANICE) Aye, if it please thee, Janice.

JANICE. I'd love to see thee in regimentals, Philemon. Would thee ride old Gray?

PHILEMON. Nay, bullets might strike him.

HENNION. Ninny, kiss her, can't ye?

PHILEMON. Now, Dad?

HENNION. Aye! (PHILEMON *straightens himsclf and marches over to* JANICE, *who looks up in his face and laughs.)*

PHILEMON. *(Stops short and begins to laugh also)* That pullet you gave me has laid at last!

JANICE. Philemon, it cannot be!

PHILEMON. *(Over* R.C., *fumbling at his pocket)* I'll prove it to you.

TABITHA. *(Half opens kitchen door* L.1) Is the coast clear?

JANICE. Come when I call.

HENNION. Now's your time, Philemon.

PHILEMON. I'll warrant you. *(Nearer* JANICE.*)* What will ye give me if I show ye the pullet's egg?

JANICE. Whatever you ask.

PHILEMON. A kiss then, for here 'tis. Look, Father—look, Father. *(Starts over to* JANICE.)

JANICE. *(Dodges around churn)* Now!

(TABITHA *runs on at kitchen door and into* PHIL'S *arms,* CHARLES' *coat still in her arms.* PHILEMON'S *arms close about her.* TABITHA *cries out.* JANICE *goes on churning calmly. Old* HENNION *turns his back.)*

PHILEMON. *(Takes* TABITHA *over to* C.*)* Here she be, Father!

HENNION. *(Laughs and turns)* Aye! (TABITHA *utters a cry.* PHILEMON *turns, sees* TABITHA, *starts away from her* R.C. TABITHA C., *up a little.)*

JANICE. *(*R.C. *Laughs)* Philemon, thou art a flirt.

PHILEMON. *(*R.C. *Laughs)* I thought 'twas thee, Janice!

HENNION. Ye bumpkin! *(Strikes* PHILEMON.*)*

PHILEMON. *(Clutching his pocket)* Aye, you've done it, Father. (TABITHA *up* C. *with a cry.)*

HENNION. What now?

PHILEMON. You've broken the pullet's egg. (TABITHA *crosses* R. *by end of smoke house.* PHILEMON *exits over wall* R.*)*

HENNION. *(Calls after* PHILEMON) I wish it had been yer neck. Janice—I'll see thy father, Miss. (JANICE *laughs.* SQUIRE HENNION *tries to speak.* JANICE *continues to laugh.* SQUIRE HENNION *exits in a rage into house.)*

TABITHA. *(On seat in front of well)* Aye, laugh on, Miss Saucy.

JANICE. Thou'd best hide the coat. My mother's near.

TABITHA. That I will not. I'll tell your mother 'twas you took it.

JANICE. Nay, now, I but paused to look at the heap of clothes, then came the sound of someone breaking through the undergrowth——

TABITHA. And you fled.

JANICE. Would you have me stay to encounter him who came for his clothes?

TABITHA. Janice!

JANICE. Tabitha, thou hast an evil mind.

TABITHA. But you took the coat.

JANICE. Nay, it caught on a hook in my dress. I couldn't help it.

TABITHA. Then take it now. *(Holds coat out to* JANICE.)

JANICE. Nay, Miss Forward, I'll not be saddled with thy misdeeds. *(A miniature drops from the coat and falls to stage.)* What was that? *(Starts forward.)*

TABITHA. Wilt take the coat?

JANICE. Aye. *(Takes it.)*

TABITHA. *(Stoops and picks up miniature)* Look, Janice. (TABITHA *and* JANICE *ad lib. Extreme* R.) —a picture of thee!

JANICE. Ah, let me see. *(Throws coat on veranda* L. CLOWES *enters from house and goes quickly through pockets—finds slip of paper—reads it.)*

*(SUNSET Begins Here.)*

CLOWES. Mobray! *(Enter* MOBRAY.) The bondman has the powder. Search the Town House. *(Exit* MOBRAY *through gate* L.C.)

JANICE. *(With miniature in her hand)* Aye, so it is! Doth it look like me, Tabbie, dear?

TABITHA. It flatters thee.

JANICE. Tabitha!

CLOWES. *(To* L.C.) That were impossible, Miss Janice.

JANICE. *(Putting her hand holding miniature behind her)* Lord Clowes!

CLOWES. I but spoke the truth.

MRS. MEREDITH. *(In kitchen)* Janice!

JANICE. *(Runs to churn and begins to work handle)* Yes, Mummy!

MRS. MEREDITH. *(Enters from kitchen* L.*)* Where is that forward Tabitha? *(Cross to* C.*)*

JANICE. Here, Mummy.

CLOWES. Come, come, Mistress Tabitha—— *(Giving her his hand.)*

MRS. MEREDITH. Get ye to the kitchen and crush the sugar for preserving 'gainst tomorrow.

TABITHA. Yes, madam! *(Crosses to kitchen* L.1E. MRS. MEREDITH *turns to* LORD CLOWES.*)*

JANICE. *(To* TABITHA *as she passes her at churn)* And doth it flatter me, Tabbie? (TABITHA *makes a face at* JANICE *and exits kitchen* L.1.)

CLOWES. *(To* MRS. MEREDITH) Madam, your guest appears unruly.

MRS. MEREDITH. I'll have no more visiting here from pert young Trenton misses.

CLOWES. Truly, Miss Janice must be a comfort to you.

*(A CRASH in the Kitchen* L.2E.*)*

SUKEY. *(Opens kitchen door* L.1) Missus, you come quick! Missie Tabitha——

MRS. MEREDITH. Aye, I'll warrant you, Tabitha, Tabitha. Janice, tend to thy churn. *(Exits kitchen* L.1.)

JANICE. Yes, Mummy.

CLOWES. Your friend, Tabitha, is out of favor, it seems.

JANICE. Aye, but she deserves it. Lord Clowes, she even said this miniature flattered me. *(Shows it to* CLOWES.*)*

CLOWES. Nay, then she has used her eyes to poor purpose, Miss Janice.

JANICE. *(Looks at him archly)* Dost think it a good likeness?

CLOWES. Aye, but the original shames all art of man to reproduce it.

JANICE. Now you are teasing me.

CLOWES. I swear to you, no! 'Od's wounds, you should not be cloistered here. 'Tis London is your proper place!

JANICE. Lud, sir, I'd never venture so far from home.

CLOWES. Not even by your husband's side? *(At churn.)*

JANICE. Wilt please see if the butter's come. *(Takes cover off churn.)*

CLOWES. Shame on it if it doth not for you. *(Crosses to* JANICE L.*)*

JANICE. Nay, now you flatter.

CLOWES. *(Bending over churn, eyeglass up)* I am unlearned in dairy mysteries; pray do you give me your counsel?

JANICE. *(Bends over churn)* Nay, 'tis most perverse.

CLOWES. *(Taking her hand)* We cannot have all things, Miss Janice, but you've a lover here if you but say aye.

JANICE. Oh, Lud! You, Lord Clowes?

CLOWES. Aye, hast not seen that I adore thee?

JANICE. Mummy will return and scold if the butter be not come.

CLOWES. Nay, give me but a word. Let me keep this miniature of thee.

CHARLES. *(Entering* L.C.*)* They be calling for you in the house, Lord Clowes.

CLOWES. *(Up* R.C.*)* Now, curse me, but I'm in two minds to give thee my whip.

CHARLES. *(Down* C.*)* Best take another thought and go into the house, 'tis safer! *(Takes coat from veranda rail and puts it on.* JANICE *runs up to steps.)*

CLOWES. Is that your coat?

CHARLES. Aye. (CLOWES *laughs and crosses to veranda* L.)

JANICE. My picture, Lord Clowes.

CLOWES. You'll let me keep it. *(Hand half extended, holding miniature to* JANICE.)

CHARLES. *(Takes it)* Nay, this be mine!

CLOWES. What!

JANICE. Charles!

CHARLES. I painted it. You'll let me keep it.

JANICE. Why, yes.

CLOWES. So hark ye, sir bondman, I have marked you lately, noted your trick of speech and manner, and I have a clue to your identity.

CHARLES. That cannot harm me, since you lack incentive.

CLOWES. What may that be?

CHARLES. A reward. Spies do not work without pay! *(Hands in pockets; pauses as he discovers loss of paper.)*

CLOWES. *(Laughs)* Aye, have thy way, bondman, and rage. There's that to happen that shall tame you.

CHARLES. Best not judge me by yourself. I am no spy.

JANICE. Charles! *(Crosses to him.)*

CLOWES. And so you've found your coat?

JANICE. The fault was mine. I should not have meddled with it in the wood.

CHARLES. You?

CLOWES. Give you joy, sir, at its recovery. Treasure the garment. The touch of Mistress Janice's hands makes it sacred. *(Exit into house.* JANICE *at churn.)*

CHARLES. *(c.)* 'Twas you stole my coat!

JANICE. Nay, it caught on my dress; I could not help it.

CHARLES. You may as well have all; here, take the miniature.

JANICE. Hast finished hoeing my beds?

CHARLES. You'll not let me forget even for a moment that I'm a bondman! *(Throws coat on well seat* R.*)*

JANICE. We should all remember our proper station.

CHARLES. Then give me the churn. The work is too heavy for you.

JANICE. *(As he puts hands over hers on the churn)* Nay, Mummy will be out of temper.

CHARLES. 'Tis her usual custom. The churn will give her cause. Wilt give me the churn?

JANICE. Unloose my hand and I will.

CHARLES. The other too?

JANICE. Thou mayst have the churn, but——

CHARLES. *(Loosens her hand)* Would that I might——

JANICE. Charles, I protest thee churns beautifully . . .

CHARLES. 'Tis for thee—— *(She starts for house.)* And you are going——

JANICE. 'Tis not proper to loiter here.

CHARLES. Please stay. Your presence makes this paradise.

JANICE. Pray, no more. I shall be called a witch. *(Crosses down* R.*)*

CHARLES. Indeed you are all that. I came to this new land desperate. I hated all men, all women. I sold myself. I remember now how I stood before your father while he read the bond. I gave no heed, for you sat there. I looked into your eyes, and Heaven dawned for me, all the past was swept away, and I was a man again. Do you know what that means? A man who when he looked at thee saw the one woman God had made for him. Ah, Janice, all else was blotted out except my love for thee.

JANICE. Charles, you must not speak so to me.

I must not listen. *(Business—hands over ears, fingers spread so she can hear.)*

CHARLES. Must not, aye, but I will. There are times coming when the bondman may become a man, with the right to fight for you.

JANICE. The churn! Charles, you are a rebel to the King!

CHARLES. Perhaps; so is every honest man in the colonies.

JANICE. Oh, 'tis treason,—thou rebel, I'll hear no more!

*(MUSIC Ready.)*

CHARLES. *(Drops handle of churn)* Then I'll work no more. *(Crosses to* R.C.*)*

JANICE. Oh, the butter! *(Goes to churn.)* You talk of Paradise, and yet you refuse to churn.

*(Music, "Grenadiers March," pp.)*

BAGLEY. *(Enters gate* L.C.*)* Charles, where in time are ye? *(Down* C.*)*

CHARLES. *(*R.C.*)* Here, what is it?

BAGLEY. King's soldiers, ransacking the town house.

*(Enter* SUKEY *from kitchen.)*

CLOWES. *(Enters on veranda from house)* Aye, sir, your powder's to be used in the King's service.

(PHILEMON *enters, wall* R., HENNION *from house* L., SQUIRE MEREDITH *on veranda.* MRS. MEREDITH *and* TABITHA *at kitchen,* L.I. CHARLES *breaks into a scornful laugh.)*

BAGLEY. *(To* CHARLES*)* Darned ef I don't think you told the place!

CHARLES. You cur! *(Throws* BAGLEY *up* R.C.*)*

JANICE. Charles!

MEREDITH. *(Down steps of veranda)* You varlet!

CLOWES. Nay, let him rage! (MOBRAY *enters* L.C., *down driveway.)* We have the powder, eh, Lieutenant?

MOBRAY. *(*C. *Bowing to* BAGLEY) Truly, sir, you've given me something of a chase!

CLOWES. *(Down one step, veranda* L.*)* But you have it,—the powder?

MOBRAY. There's none there!

BAGLEY. *(Up* L.C.*)* Then where is it?

CHARLES. *(*R.C.*)* I'll wager, Lord Clowes, that Washington uses that powder yet!

MOBRAY. Washington! Never heard of him.

CHARLES. Well, you and your red coats will some day.

MEREDITH. Ye talk, sir, as though war were going on!

CHARLES. 'Tis only a question of days.

*(A clatter of hoofs is heard off* L.C.*)*

JANICE. Hark!

PHILEMON. 'Tis someone in a hurry!

MESSENGER. *(Off* L.C.*)* Squire Meredith! Squire Meredith! *(Enters* L.C., *down driveway, covered with dust.)*

MEREDITH. Here, sir. What's your wish?

MESSENGER. News, sir, from the Massachusetts Committee of Safety! *(An exclamation from all.)*

HENNION. Dew tell!

MESSENGER. Aye, the King's troops, commanded by Major Pitcairn, marched on Lexington, and the Minute Men met 'em.

CHARLES. Well!

MOBRAY. Speak, sir.

MESSENGER. The Britishers fired first and killed sixteen—*(Exclamations from all)*—but the Minute Men met 'em at North Bridge in Concord, and the Britishers ran!

JANICE. The King's troops retreated?

(BAGLEY *steals out* L.C.)

MESSENGER. Aye, Miss, at one time it seemed as if the hull British force must surrender!

MOBRAY. What?

MESSENGER. The Minute Men followed almost to Charlestown and peppered 'em. It's war, Squire! I'm off to spread the news. *(Exit driveway* L.C. *Hoofs heard retreating.)*

CHARLES. So much for your regulars, Lieutenant Mobray!

MOBRAY. Where's that fellow! *(Turns quickly.)* Bagley.

CLOWES. Aye, seize him!

PHILEMON. He's got away. Lord, this is more fun than fox hunting!

MOBRAY. *(Calls off* L.C.*)* Sergeant, take two men and follow him! (CHARLES *makes a movement.)*

CLOWES. Remain here, sir.

CHARLES. A bondman has no choice. *(Sits at well.)*

MEREDITH. Gentlemen, come within and we'll consult on this matter.

(SQUIRE MEREDITH, HENNION, CLOWES *and* MOBRAY *go into house by veranda* L. MRS. MEREDITH *and* TABITHA *into kitchen* L.I.)

JANICE. And so they did not find the powder.

CHARLES. No!

JANICE. I wonder where it can be.

CHARLES. *(Sitting by well* R.C.*)* I wonder, too.

JANICE. *(Over to* CHARLES*)* If I were to guess I'd say the ravine by the river there, covered with leaves.

CHARLES. *(Rises)* What? So that's what took you to the woods.

JANICE. Nay. I'm no spy. I found it quite by accident. Come now, tell me all. What will you do with it?

CHARLES. I may not tell. *(Down a bit.)*

JANICE. Not even me? *(Crosses to* L.C.*)* Oh, Charles——

CHARLES. It shall go to Washington. He asked for it and was refused, so then I took it.

JANICE. When does it go?

CHARLES. Tonight!

JANICE. But the soldiers are here! *(Crosses up* C.*)*

CHARLES. The river's open. *(Over to well.)*

JANICE. And do you go too?

CHARLES. Aye, I go with those who love the cause unselfishly. When the moon rises they'll stand ready with a sloop!

JANICE. And you will go away!

CHARLES. *(Crosses to* JANICE*)* What is there for me here? A bondman's place, a bondman's service.

JANICE. Why, thee cannot go; thee is a prisoner! *(Holds him.)*

CHARLES. Am I? Well, I won't be one long.

MEREDITH. *(Enters on veranda* L.*)* Janice!

JANICE. *(Breaks away quickly)* Yes, Dad.

MEREDITH. Go to your mother. Here, Lord Clowes will take you. (CLOWES *enters on veranda* L., *gives* JANICE *his hand, takes her to* L., *she goes up steps and exits* L.3. SQUIRE MEREDITH *up around well,* R.C. *to* R.) Well, rascal, your prophecy is like to be fulfilled. War has come.

CHARLES. Aye, blame those who have oppressed past all forbearance!

MEREDITH. And you are on the rebel side!

(CLOWES *comes on.*)

CHARLES. Nay, sir, not that name. We fight only for our rights as freemen!

MEREDITH. You'll do no fighting. *(Crosses* R. *Gets between* CHARLES *and wall* R.*)*

CHARLES. *(Laughs)* Art sure of that, Squire?

CLOWES. *(Crosses to* C.*)* Aye, sir. *(Puts his sword to* CHARLES' *breast.)* Put your hands behind you or I run you through.

CHARLES. 'Tis always safe to threaten an unarmed man, Lord Clowes!

CLOWES. *(Laughs)* Squire, will you open yonder smoke-house door? (MEREDITH *does so and stands by door.)* We mean to have that powder.

CHARLES. So you believe I have it.

CLOWES. I'm sure you're not the first man a woman has betrayed. Tush, man, don't stare so! I've been informed——

CHARLES. By whom——

CLOWES. By Miss Janice!

CHARLES. My God, man, she did not! No—no—man—Janice. *(Sinks on well seat ad lib.)*

CLOWES. Aye. I set her on to draw you out.

MEREDITH. Lord Clowes.

CLOWES. 'Twas justifiable. How think ye I came by this letter from your rebel Washington? Who had your coat—— *(Laughs.)* 'Twas well played by Mistress Janice. She's loyal to her King.

MEREDITH. In, varlet! You are our prisoner! *(Over* CHARLES.*)*

(JANICE *enters house at* L.2E.)

JANICE. Dad, dear.

CHARLES. Janice! I yield then to Miss Meredith's treachery! *(Exit into smoke house up* R.C.*)*

CLOWES. *(Laughing quietly as* MEREDITH *bolts door of outhouse* R.C.*)* A clever ruse that!

(JANICE *starts as* CHARLES *accuses her of treachery. She hesitates for a moment, then comes down steps of veranda.* SQUIRE MEREDITH *and* CLOWES *turn after locking* CHARLES *in and meet* JANICE.)

MEREDITH. *(*C. CLOWES *up* R.C.*)* Janice, where are ye goin'?

JANICE. To tell Charles I have no hand in his capture.

MEREDITH. Ye shall not!

JANICE. But Daddy, he has been so kind.

MEREDITH. So that's how the wind sets, eh? Get to your mother, Miss. I'll have no confidence 'twixt my daughter and a bondman. (JANICE *turns —moves over to* L. *slowly to kitchen door* L.I.)

CLOWES. *(Crosses to veranda* L.*)* We'd best inform Lieutenant Mobray of our prisoner.

*(MUSIC Ready.)*

MEREDITH. Aye. *(They go up on steps of veranda.* JANICE *pauses at kitchen door as she hears this, opens door, and then shuts it sharply; keeps within the shelter of the vines about this back porch.)*

PHILEMON. *(Enters driveway up* L.C., *whittling a stick)* Lieutenant's horse be standing in barn floor, all ready, Squire.

MEREDITH. And here's Philemon to guard our prisoner!

PHILEMON. That will I. Where is he?

CLOWES. In the smoke house yonder. *(Exit with* SQUIRE MEREDITH—*house* L.3.)

*(Moon rises over woods* R. *Music, "Grenadiers," in*

*distance.* PHILEMON *goes up to outhouse, whistling and whittling. Looks at lock.)*

JANICE. I must free him. *(The kitchen door opens* L.1 *and* TABITHA *comes on.)*

JANICE. Tabbie! *(Taking her arm.)*

TABITHA. Mercy, Janice, what art thou doing here?

JANICE. Is Mummy in the kitchen?

TABITHA. Nay, she's gone to take some wine to the gentlemen. Look! *(Holds up jar.)*

JANICE. Tabitha, then has been in the preserve closet!

TABITHA. Wilt thou tell?

JANICE. Not if you do me a service. *(Takes jar from* TABITHA.)

TABITHA. What is it?

PHILEMON. *(At door of outhouse where* CHARLES *is confined)* Hey, prisoner. I be here guardin' 'ee, with a sword, an' firelock an' a nation big cannon.

TABITHA. Janice!

JANICE. Hush! Do you go to the stable, open the door gently, then reach in through the window and give the Lieutenant's horse a smart cut with this! *(Breaks a branch from the bushes about door to kitchen* L.I.)

TABITHA. Janice the horse will run away.

JANICE. That is what I want!

PHILEMON. Do 'ee hear, prisoner? Eh, he be cussin' at me!

(TABITHA *makes a movement to go by kitchen door* L.I.)

JANICE. *(Catching her by the arm)* Not that way, silly. Mummy will see thee!

TABITHA. But Philemon!

JANICE. I'll see he's kept busy. Art ready?

TABITHA. *(Tucking up her skirts)* Aye, Jan! But I am mortal 'fraid.

MOBRAY. *(In house)* One more glass, gentlemen, then we'll take our prisoner to Brunswick. *(Laughter.)*

JANICE. *(Moves out of shade of porch* L.*)* Hush! *(At the same time there is a roar of laughter from house* L.*)*

CLOWES. Down with all rebels, gentlemen! *(Chorus of voices, "Aye! Aye!" Glasses heard to clink, etc.)*

JANICE. Why, Philemon! *(Crosses to* PHILEMON.*)*

PHILEMON. *(Drawing himself up at door of outhouse* R.C.*)* Don't 'ee come too near, Janice. I be a guardin' a prisoner!

JANICE. I always knew you were meant for a soldier.

PHILEMON. Wouldst like to see me in gold lace and a sword!

JANICE. Above all things! *(A pause. She comes near him.)* Philemon! *(Catches his arm.)*

PHILEMON. Dang it, what be the matter, Janice?

JANICE. *(Pointing off* R.*)* There's something there, Philemon!

PHILEMON. Aye—— *(Goes over to wall* R.*)* I kin see something myself. (TABITHA *steals up by house* L. *and exits through gate* L.C. *softly.)*

JANICE. Take care, Philemon!

PHILEMON. *(Throws a stone off* R.*)* Hoy! Aye, it be old Brindle, your cow. *(Laughs.)*

*(There is a scream from* TABITHA *off* R., *a shout from the soldiers off* L.C., *the clatter of a horse's hoofs, first on stable floor, then on the driveway.)*

TABITHA. *(Screams off* L. *Enters at gate* L.C.*)* The horse is running away!

PHILEMON. Dang him, I'll catch him! *(Exits gateway* L.C.*)*

(JANICE *quickly turns to door of outhouse where* CHARLES *is confined—opens door, which swings on stage and to the left, so that* CHARLES *does not see her.* CHARLES *enters from outhouse.)*

CHARLES. Tabitha. (CHARLES *leaps wall* R. *and exits.)*

TABITHA. Janice!

JANICE. *(Shuts door—locks it—down to well* R.C.*)* Hush!

(CLOWES. SQUIRE MEREDITH, SQUIRE HENNION *and* LIEUTENANT MOBRAY *enter, veranda* L. MOBRAY *to* L.C., CLOWES *over to outhouse* R., SQUIRE MEREDITH *on steps,* SQUIRE HENNION *on veranda.* MRS. MEREDITH *enters from kitchen* L.I, SUKEY *behind her.)*

MOBRAY. *(Calls off* L.*)* Sergeant!

(SERGEANT *enters at* C.)

SERGEANT. The Lieutenant's horse——

MOBRAY. Turn out the guard!

SERGEANT. *(Off* L.*)* Ho, guard!

MOBRAY. Look to your captive. (CLOWES *throws open door.* PHILEMON *enters driveway, wiping his forehead.)*

CLOWES. The prisoner is gone. *(Exclamations from all.)*

MEREDITH. Where is that rascal, Charles?

JANICE. *(Sits on bench front of well,* TABITHA *behind her.* JANICE *with jam pot in her hand)* Ask Philemon. He was set to watch him.

*(Picture.)*

CURTAIN

## ACT II

TIME: *December 24, 1776.*

SCENE: *Living room at Greenwood, N. J.*

*A large room of the Colonial period is shown, comfortably furnished. A door down* R.2E. *leads to the sitting room of the house; this door is in the return piece and opens up and to stage* L. *Above this door there is a large window, practical, set in a recess one foot deep. There is an oaken bench inside this recess, built into the wall. The recess is closed by heavy curtains. The window does not come to the floor. In the center of the back flat is the main door of entrance, a heavy oaken affair. A porch beyond this door.* L.I *is a large fireplace; beyond this is a door leading to the kitchen; before the fire* L. *is an old-fashioned settee and a low wooden stool. Up* R.C. *an old-fashioned spinet and stool. As the curtain rises it is five P.M. and a snowstorm is raging. The wind is heard moaning without and the sleet beats upon the window.*

DISCOVERED: MRS. MEREDITH *is on the settee going over some household accounts.* SUKEY *stands near her.*

TABITHA *is at the spinnet up* R.C., *practising painfully note by note. An hour glass stands on the spinnet to time her stint at the instrument and* TABITHA *stops and looks at this between almost every note.*

MRS. MEREDITH. Nay, then, Sukey, I cannot think this account of the eggs is correct.

SUKEY. 'Deed, Missus, I'se b'n cautious wid them eggs!

MRS. MEREDITH. There is need. This war has turned a land of plenty almost to a desert.

(TABITHA *leans over spinet, still playing, to look at hour glass. Makes a discord.)*

MRS. MEREDITH. Tabitha, look less at the hour glass and more at thy notes.

TABITHA. *(Takes up glass)* Indeed, Mrs. Meredith—the sand runs so slowly I fear 'tis clogged. *(Shakes it.)*

MRS. MEREDITH. Put it down instantly. (TABITHA *does so.)* It will give me joy when this war is over and thou canst return to thy home in Trenton.

TABITHA. I would dearly love to be there now.

MRS. MEREDITH. Save and defend us. No doubt thou wouldst delight in such a pack of graceless men!

TABITHA. You married one, Madam.

MRS. MEREDITH. Answer me not, but to thy practice. Shame on thee that I must keep—(TABITHA *bangs spinet)*—Janice and thee apart. And with more grace, child. *(Listens a moment as* TABITHA *practises.)* Mr. Meredith has not returned from Brunswick, Sukey?

SUKEY. No, missus, an' dar's a big storm comin'.

MRS. MEREDITH. Back to the kitchen, then, and prepare the supper. I will come also. (SUKEY *exits* L.2E. MRS. MEREDITH *starts for door* L.) Tabitha, lose not one of these precious moments.

TABITHA. No, Madam!

(MRS. MEREDITH *exits door* L.2E. *A pause.* TABITHA *bangs the spinet energetically, then picks*

*up the hour glass with both hands and shakes it energetically.)*

MRS. MEREDITH. *(In kitchen* L.2E.*)* Tabitha!

TABITHA. *(Turning to spinet and banging it with both hands)* I am practising, Madam!

JANICE. *(Opens door* R.2E. *She has a piece of embroidery in her hands)* Art alone, Tabbie?

TABITHA. Aye, but thy mother's near.

JANICE. *(Tiptoes to* L.*)* In the kitchen?

TABITHA. Aye, and leaves me to practice.

JANICE. *(Tiptoes over and closes kitchen door* L.2E.*)* Tabbie, rest thyself. She cannot hear thee now.

TABITHA. *(Turning on stool at spinet)* 'Tis a relief to cease; thy mother, Jan, is over-zealous.

JANICE. 'Tis for thy good. What do you play?

TABITHA. *(Spitefully)* "Taste life's glad moments as they glide."

JANICE. *(Laughing)* Thy face is not so gladsome, Tabbie. *(Sits end of settee.)*

TABITHA. Small wonder when I'm mewed up like a cat. Ah, Jan, to be at my home in Trenton where the Hessian soldiers are; to see their red coats and hear their swords clanking. *(Gets up and comes round the piano to* JANICE.*)* They say 'tis not safe for women folk to walk the streets there.

JANICE. How delightful.

TABITHA. And there are hundreds of Hessians, 'tis said.

JANICE. Small wonder that General Washington retreated.

TABITHA. Jan, your sympathy is with the Continental side.

JANICE. Aye, Tabbie, I saw General Washington when he rode through Brunswick; ah, there's a man to lead an army. *(Rises—crosses to* C.*)*

TABITHA. And is there no one else? Ah, fie, Jan, thy cheeks burn; fie, and for a bondman. (JANICE *comes down to spinet.)*

JANICE. True, I am to blame, but Tabbie, I cannot help it.

TABITHA. And you set him free?

JANICE. With your help. *(Laughs.)* Tabbie, I can see thee now stealing to the barn with that switch for the Lieutenant's horse.

TABITHA. I was monstrous frightened.

JANICE. 'Twas more than a year ago. (TABBIE *goes to settee.)*

TABITHA. Hast seen Charles since? *(On settee.)*

JANICE. Aye; when Dad was called by General Washington to New York, Tabbie. *(Goes to settee.)* Charles would not speak to me; bowed coldly, that was all.

TABITHA. He does not know thee helped him to escape.

JANICE. *(On stool)* No, he did not see me. Thee knows I was behind the door.

TABITHA. How looked he?

JANICE. Handsome as a prince; tall, wore his sword like an officer and a gentleman.

TABITHA. Ah, Jan, mayhap there'll be a battle; he be mortally wounded and die with his head on thy knee.

JANICE. Tabbie!

TABITHA. It would be lovely if it happened so. Like one of our romances, Jan.

JANICE. Nay, I can do without such romances. God keep him!

MRS. MEREDITH. *(In kitchen* L.2E.*)* Tabitha.

(JANICE *falls to embroidering vigorously near spinet.* TABITHA *runs to spinet and pounds keys vigorously.* MRS. MEREDITH *opens door* L.2E. *and*

*stands on threshold.* JANICE *runs to upper side of spinet.)*

JANICE. With more expression, Tabbie dear. *(Hums the air as* TABBIE *plays it.)* And touch the keys lightly.

MRS. MEREDITH. Janice!

JANICE. Why, Mummy, are you there? I am helping Tabbie on her task. Now, Tabbie, do not frown. 'Tis for thy good. (TABITHA *continues to play.)* Aye, she is improving, Mummy.

MRS. MEREDITH. And hast thou finished thy embroidery?

JANICE. Why, nearly!

MRS. MEREDITH. Let me see. Now, out on thee, Miss Impudence, 'tis slovenly. *(Examines embroidery.)*

JANICE. *(Crosses to* L.*)* The thread is coarse; look here, one can hardly draw it through.

MRS. MEREDITH. I'll be bound you two have been gossiping.

JANICE. Not I.

MRS. MEREDITH. With no eyes for thy work.

JANICE. Indeed, Mummy, I was working and I heard a discord.

TABITHA. Not I, Madam.

MRS. MEREDITH. There, take it; it sets my teeth on edge, Janice. *(A knock at door* C.*)* Now who's at the door.

JANICE. *(Goes to spinet and puts work on it)* I'll go and see.

MRS. MEREDITH. Wait thee a moment, Janice. Reach me the firelock there. *(Points to chimney-piece* L.*)*

JANICE. Mummy! (TABITHA *turns with a start from spinet.)*

MRS. MEREDITH. Do as I bid thee, Janice. These be perilous times and thy father's away.

(JANICE *takes gun, shuts her eyes and hands it to* MRS. MEREDITH, *who stands* L.C. TABITHA *utters a cry and starts up from stool.)* And thou, Tabitha, go on with thy music.

JANICE. Aye, Tabbie. Play us "Taste life's glad moments as they glide."

MRS. MEREDITH. Cease thy lightness, Janice, and open the door.

JANICE. Yes, Mummy. *(She opens door* C.; *snow blows in; wind moans.* TABBIE *crosses down* R.)

HENNION. *(Enters, well muffled up)* Well, dang sich weather!

JANICE. *(Laughing)* Squire Hennion!

HENNION. Ye'as, what ain't frozen's me, I reckon. *(Sees* MRS. MEREDITH.)

MRS. MEREDITH. Thou art welcome, neighbor Hennion.

HENNION. Dang it, marm, look out! That pesky thing might go off.

JANICE. Nay, Squire, come in and fear not.

HENNION. Wa'al, marm, I never thought to see one of your sort wi' a gun in hand.

MRS. MEREDITH. 'Tis not loaded and indeed I'm ashamed to use it, but the times are so troubled.

HENNION. You may well say that. *(Crosses to fireplace.)*

MRS. MEREDITH. What news have you, Squire? I'll brew thee a cup of posset while you tell us.

HENNION. Make it extry hot. *(In front of fire.)* I'm cold clean ter my marrer bones.

MRS. MEREDITH. Tabitha, resume thy practise. *(Crosses* R.)

HENNION. Aye, Tabitha, go on with yer noise.

TABITHA. I like that. *(Plays spinet.)*

JANICE. Well, well! *(Bustling about, mixing posset.)* Thy news?

HENNION. Washington's retreated again.

JANICE. And where now?

HENNION. Across the Delaware this time.

MRS. MEREDITH. Then the Rebellion will soon end.

HENNION. Looks all-fired like it.

JANICE. Nay, Squire, have you so little faith?

HENNION. Faith's all right, but it takes powder and swords to lick the Britishers and Hessians.

MRS. MEREDITH. And what hast heard from Philemon? *(Sits on chair* R.*)*

HENNION. Nary word since he went ter Noo York fer yer husban', Ma'am.

JANICE. Poor Philemon, I pray he's in no trouble. (JANICE *gives* SQUIRE HENNION *cup of posset.)*

HENNION. Thanks, Miss Janice. Philemon? Oh, he kin take care o' himself, I reckon; weighs two hundred pounds in his shirt sleeves. *(Drinks and smacks his lips.)*

JANICE. And the British hold Trenton. *(Sits on settee.)*

HENNION. Wi' both hands; Princeton too an' all the towns north to Noo York.

MRS. MEREDITH. Are the British in Brunswick?

HENNION. Not yit, but they're comin'; they an' them pesky Hessians.

JANICE. And which side, Squire, are you on?

HENNION. I'm jest a-settin' on the fence, Miss, waitin' for the end, jest like Amos keeps the tavern. Amos is mighty busy these days. *(Chuckles.)*

JANICE. Is he loyal to the King?

HENNION. Ye'as, at times. He hed a picter of King George painted on his sign.

JANICE. I remember it.

HENNION. When Washington arrived in Brunswick, out kim Amos wi' a paint pot, painted out King George an' made it read "General George"; then Washington skedaddled an' Amos painted King

George back ag'in. Amos sleeps now wi' a paint pot an' brush in his hand, so's ter be ready.

JANICE. Aye, Washington has more foes among our countrymen than before him.

MRS. MEREDITH. Janice!

JANICE. *(Rising)* My sympathy is with Washington, Mummy, and I hope he'll win!

HENNION. Wa'al, don't holler it, Miss Janice. Can't tell who may hear ye. Squire not back yit, Ma'am?

MRS. MEREDITH. No. *(Goes up to window up* R.*)* And I am fearsome for him.

HENNION. Hope the Squire won't let out any of his British sentiments in Brunswick.

MEREDITH. *(Off* C.*)* Hoy, Peter; someone, are ye all asleep?

JANICE. There's Dadda. *(Runs up and opens door* C.*)*

MEREDITH. *(Enters* C., *covered with snow, limping, with the help of a rough wooden crutch)* May all the fiends seize these rascally servants!

MRS. MEREDITH. Lambert!

JANICE. Dadda! Dear Dadda, art thou chilled? Come then to the fire. *(Puts her arms about* MEREDITH. TABITHA *plays loudly.)*

MEREDITH. Cease thy infernal thumping, Tabitha. (TABITHA *utters a cry and goes to* R. *around spinet.)* Oh! *(Comes down* C.*)* My curse on this rebellion!

JANICE. Dad, what is it?

MEREDITH. A glass of spirits. (JANICE *flies to sideboard up* R. *and fills glass.)* A chair, some of ye, near the fire, ye loons! Oh, my knee will scarce support me. (JANICE *comes down with glass partly filled.)* No, fill it to the brim.

HENNION. Pooty tough storm ter be out in, Squire.

MEREDITH. You old weasel, so you're here?

HENNION. Ye'as, jist rode over ter see yer 'bout them mortgages ye hold on my land.

MEREDITH. Get from the fire. (HENNION *moves up stage around to* R. MRS. MEREDITH *helps him to fire* L.; *places him on settee before it.)*

MRS. MEREDITH. There, Lambert.

JANICE. *(Comes down with spirits in glass)* Dad dear.

MEREDITH. *(Drinks spirits)* Can'st not find a larger glass?

JANICE. No, Dad.

MEREDITH. Bring me the decanter.

HENNION. Dew tell.

MRS. MEREDITH. Mercy!

MEREDITH. Silence! Tabitha, put another log on the fire. (TABITHA, *down* L. *to fire, puts on log.* MRS. MEREDITH *takes coat and puts on chair* R.)

JANICE. *(Comes with decanter)* Here, Dad.

HENNION. Squire, you look ter me's if ye'd run ag'in' some of them Invincibles.

MEREDITH. I have, may Belza seize them! They —they put me in the stocks!

HENNION. Dew tell! *(Roars with laughter.* TABITHA *laughs.)*

MEREDITH. *(Starting to his feet)* Silence!

MRS. MEREDITH. In the stocks, Lambert?

MEREDITH. Aye, because I drink tea in spite of them—aye, and pay my tax to King George. The scoundrels taunted me and made me contribute to this rebellion, then gave me this crutch and bade me begone. Oh, I'll—I'll——

JOE BAGLEY. *(Enters door* L.2E.) Evenin', Squire.

MEREDITH. *(Glares at him)* So, sir, you're here.

BAGLEY. *(Crosses to* C.) Ladies, Mr. Joseph Bagley's compliments. (TABITHA *giggles.)*

MRS. MEREDITH. Tabitha! (TABITHA *stops.)*

BAGLEY. Why, yes, Squire. Jist came in ter see how you like bein' a babe in the wood. *(Laughs.)*

HENNION. Dew tell! *(Laughs.)*

MEREDITH. I shall choke. (JANICE *comes down with a bottle and a spoon.)*

JANICE. Here, Dad.

MEREDITH. What have ye there?

JANICE. Mummy's herb mixture for a cold.

MEREDITH. *(Snatches spoon and throws it at* BAGLEY) Out of my sight, ye loon!

HENNION. Dew tell!

MEREDITH. And as fer you, Hennion, look to yourself; I'll foreclose and drive you from the country.

HENNION. Why, how you talk! Courts ain't in session, Squire. *(Laughs.)*

BAGLEY. An' ain't likely ter be right away.

SQUIRE MEREDITH. Get out of my house, both of ye. *(Down to* BAGLEY.)

BAGLEY. Now, don't git in a pucker. When I go I take all yer livestock and provender with me; impress it fur the Continental Army. *(Exclamations from all.)* For me and Washington.

MEREDITH. You come as a thief?

BAGLEY. Don't you call names. I left Lieutenant Buntlin' an' four of the Continental Army at the barn, all ready ter take yer cattle when I give the word. I'm a Cap'n—didn't know that, did ye?

MEREDITH. At your peril, scoundrel! *(Up c.)*

BAGLEY. I ain't in no danger; the Britishers'll git 'em if I don't.

JANICE. Stop, sir. You've come here for some other purpose, else you would not parley over it.

BAGLEY. You're cute. Guess you've hit it. *(Leans on spinet.)*

MEREDITH. Well, sir, what is it?

BAGLEY. Wa'al, I'm a risin' young man, Squire,

an' I've had my eye on your daughter for a long while——

HENNION. Wa'al, consarn your impudence!

BAGLEY. Now, don't you put in your oar. I might courtmartial you. (HENNION *falls over chair* R.)

MEREDITH. My curse on ye both!

HENNION. When she's promised to my son Philemon—— (*Shaking his fist at* MEREDITH.)

BAGLEY. Is she?

MEREDITH. (*To* HENNION) Don't try to bully me; I'll teach you to be a gentleman.

HENNION. I defy you to make me one. (*The three men roar at each other.* JANICE *stands quietly* C.)

JANICE. Gentlemen, may not the lady concerned be heard? (*The three men become silent and look at her.*) I thank you, gentlemen. (*To* BAGLEY) Come hither, Mr. Bagley. Dost offer me—what?

BAGLEY. (*Crosses to* JANICE) A house an' barn, fourteen acres of good timberland, a shoat an' four hosses——

JANICE. And thyself—do, oh, do not forget thyself.

HENNION. Philemon's got nine hundred acres, two barns, ten shoats, eight hosses an' he weighs two hundred pounds.

MEREDITH. Out of my house!

JANICE. Silence, I pray. I vow 'tis like an auction. Dost offer me thyself, sir?

BAGLEY. I go with the rest.

JANICE. Two pigs—— No, pardon, 'twas but one.

BAGLEY. Only one.

JANICE. Art sure?

BAGLEY. With all my worldly goods I thee endow——

JANICE. And how, think ye, we should look to-

gether at church? Come—*(Up* C.*)*—sir, come. Wilt not walk to church with me, and how think we shall look?

MRS. MEREDITH. Janice!

BAGLEY. Fine; I've a new broadcloth——

JANICE. Tabbie, come hither and gaze with all thine eyes. Nay, be serious, child. (TABITHA *comes laughing down* L.C.*)* Well, dost like him?

TABITHA. Monstrously.

JANICE. Then thou may'st have him. *(Joins their hands and runs to* L., *laughing.* HENNION *up* R., *laughing.)*

BAGLEY. Hold on, this ain't fair, Squire.

HENNION. Dew tell!

MEREDITH. Out of my sight, damn ye!

JANICE. Dadda!

MRS. MEREDITH. Lambert!

BAGLEY. I'll go. *(The door* L.2E. *is burst open and* BUNTLING *enters.)*

BUNTLING. Joe, say, Joe!

BAGLEY. How now, Lieutenant Buntlin'? Why do ye come without orders?

BUNTLING. Oh, cut it, Joe, that talk don't do no good. There's a British patrol's been sighted.

BAGLEY. What shall we do?

BUNTLING. Dew? Run like thunder. Come on. *(Exits* L.2E.*)*

BAGLEY. Hold on, don't leave me behind. *(Exits* L.2E.*)*

JANICE. *(Over to door* L.2E.*)* Stay, Captain. Wilt leave thy promised wife? Tabbie, thy promised husband is going down the road. Tabbie, run quickly or thee'll lose him. Tabbie! *(As* JANICE *turns to* C. *she meets* MRS. MEREDITH, *who stares at her.* JANICE'S *attitude changes; she becomes very humble.)* Mummy, I am but doing it for Tabbie's good.

MRS. MEREDITH. A double row of embroidure shalt thou do for this lightness, Miss.

JANICE. *(L.C.)* I but wished to make Tabbie happy.

MRS. MEREDITH. And an extra hour at the spinet.

JANICE. "Taste life's glad moments as they glide!"

MRS. MEREDITH. Janice!

MEREDITH. *(Rises from settee* L.C.*)* Nay, wife, the lass hath revived my spirits. Shalt not chide her. *(Arms about* JANICE.*)*

MRS. MEREDITH. And do thou, Lambert, recollect the impious word thou spoke a moment since?

MEREDITH. Aye, wife—damn! (MRS. MEREDITH *utters a cry.)* 'Twas a sweet morsel when applied to that knave Bagley.

*(There is a jingling of spurs off* C., *the clank of sabres, then the sound of troopers' boots shaking off the snow on the piazza* C.*)*

JANICE. *(Up* L.C.*)* Hark! *(A pause and* SUKEY *enters hurriedly from kitchen,* L.2E.*)*

SUKEY. Ah, Lord, Marse Meredith, the Britishers!

*(A double knock is heard on the door* C. *The door* C. *is thrown open and* SERGEANT WILLIS *enters with a Squad of Soldiers.)*

WILLIS. In the King's name!

(MEREDITH *up* L.C., JANICE *down* L., SQUIRE HENNION *front of spinet* R., TABITHA *and* MRS. MEREDITH *up* R.*)*

MEREDITH. Who are ye, sir?

WILLIS. *(Speaking with a pronounced cockney accent)* Blow me tight, but who are you?

MEREDITH. A loyal subject to the King.

WILLIS. Hi 'oners ye, sir. *(Bows.)* We'll trouble you for yer cattle and provender.

MEREDITH. May Belza seize ye, would'st rob me?

WILLIS. Them as is loyal helps the King.

MEREDITH. I'll not submit. I——

WILLIS. *(Down* R.C.*)* Corporal! *(Two soldiers seize* SQUIRE MEREDITH. *He continues to protest.)*

MEREDITH. Curse ye, robbers—— (SOLDIER *lets the butt of his musket drop heavily on* SQUIRE MEREDITH'S *toe.* SQUIRE MEREDITH *howls. Soldiers get him to* L.C. JANICE *cries out.* TABITHA *gets in chimney corner at back to* L.*)*

HENNION. *(Laughs)* Dew tell—— *(A soldier comes down around* R. *of spinet and sticks* SQUIRE HENNION *in the leg with his bayonet.* SQUIRE HENNION *howls.)*

MOBRAY. *(Enters* C.*)* What's all this?

WILLIS. Obeyin' orders, Lieutenant.

MOBRAY. Not mine. You have made a mistake. Release that gentleman. *(The soldiers obey.)*

JANICE. *(*L.C.*)* La, Tabbie, 'tis Leftenant Mobray. *(Crosses to* C.*)*

MOBRAY. Mistress Janice—— *(Kisses her hand.)* The winter's over and the sun shines on me again.

JANICE. Even war does not check your gallantry, Leftenant.

MOBRAY. Not when you are nigh. (JANICE *crosses to* TABITHA *at fire.)* I trust, Squire Meredith, you have sustained no injury.

MEREDITH. *(Down* L.C.*)* None that your kindness may not mend.

HENNION. *(*R.*)* Ecod! I be wounded in the leg. *(Up to* MRS. MEREDITH.*)*

MOBRAY. Your pardon, sir. Mr. Meredith, we are impressing all cattle and provender, but I re-

member your loyal sentiments and make bold to ask your hospitality.

MEREDITH. Granted, Leftenant. *(Joins* JANICE *and* TABITHA L.*)*

MOBRAY. Sergeant Willis, take your men to the kitchen. (WILLIS *and men down* C. *to door* L.2E.*)* Detail two to attend the horses. *(Crosses* R. *up to spinet.)*

MRS. MEREDITH. *(Down* R.*)* Sukey, go with them and see them fed.

SUKEY. *(At door* L.2E. *over to* R.C. JANICE *joins* MOBRAY *up* C.*)* I'se powerful skeered ob dem p'inted knives, but I'se goin', Missus, I'se a goin'. Would you please, Mr. Sogerman, hold them p'ints high? *(Exit with soldiers* L.2E.*)*

JANICE. *(Down* L.C. *with* MOBRAY*)* You have marched far, Leftenant?

MOBRAY. From Brunswick. Washington is trying to effect a junction with General Lee.

CLOWES. *(Enters door* C.*)* A roof at last, and by Gad, the one house in this vile country that shelters beauty.

JANICE. Lord Clowes!

CLOWES. *(Down* C.*)* Aye, praise be to the war that gives me another sight of thee.

HENNION. Ye'd better look out for Washington, Leftenant. He's a master hand for cuttin' corners.

MOBRAY. Not this one; we have him hard pressed; his men are naked and starving.

*(A confused murmur heard off* C. *Cries of men, then two shots muffled. The women utter cries and gather* L.C. *behind settee.)*

CLOWES. *(Over to window* R.*)* What's that?

MOBRAY. *(Up* C., *throws open door* C.*)* Leftenant!

PHILEMON. Aye, sir, I be here. *(Enters* C. *in full British uniform.)*

JANICE. *(*L.C.*)* Philemon!

PHILEMON. *(*C.*)* Hay, Janice! *(Shakes hands.)* I be mortal glad to clap eyes on 'ee. *(Chuckles.)*

HENNION. 'Tain't Philemon. *(Over to* R.C.*)* 'Tain't my boy?

PHILEMON. *(*L.C.*)* Yes, it be, Father.

HENNION. *(Embracing him)* Philemon, Philemon!

PHILEMON. Dang it, Father, ye be all tangled in my sword.

HENNION. He wears a sword, too. My boy weighs two hundred pounds.

PHILEMON. *(Standing very straight)* Two hundred an' ten now, Father.

JANICE. Add but ten pounds more, Philemon, and thee'll be irresistible.

PHILEMON. Aye, Janice.

MOBRAY. *(Down* R.C. SQUIRE HENNION *up* R.*)* What was the disturbance I heard, sir?

PHILEMON. Why, as I rode up to give my horse in care, a man stepped out and seized the bridle rein.

CLOWES. *(Up* R., *front of window)* So ho, some stragglers from the Continental side.

MOBRAY. Go on, Leftenant.

PHILEMON. Thought at first 'twas one of your troop, but jist then the wind blew his cloak and I seed he wore buff and blue.

HENNION. Dew tell!

MOBRAY. Well, well, did you arrest him?

PHILEMON. Tried, sir, but he was 'nation quick. *(Chuckles.)* Tumbled two troopers over and made off.

MOBRAY. *(Down* L., *throws open door* L.2E. PHILEMON *up* C. *with* TABITHA *and* MRS. MEREDITH.

JANICE *joins* CLOWES R.C.) Sergeant Willis! *(Crosses* L.)

WILLIS. *(Enters door* L.2E.) Here, Leftenant.

MOBRAY. Detail two men to watch the barn. Take four men and beat up the hedge for this rascal.

WILLIS. Private Harris wounded, sir; left arm taken clean off at the elbow.

JANICE. Horrible! *(Turn to* C.)

MOBRAY. Attend his wound at once, and look you, I expect Trooper Rosscomb with dispatch from headquarters. Bring him to me at once. (SERGEANT WILLIS *salutes and exits* L.2E.)

PHILEMON. *(Down* L.C. *to* JANICE) Don't 'ee worrit, Janice.

JANICE. But with a desperado lurking about?

CLOWES. He's taken French leave by this time. *(Joins* SQUIRE MEREDITH *up* R.)

MOBRAY. *(*L. *at fire)* I wonder what the fellow wants within our lines?

PHILEMON. *(Crosses to* MOBRAY) He cried out as he struck at us. 'Ecod, I'll swear I've heard his voice before. *(With* JANICE L.C.)

MEREDITH. *(To* CLOWES *up* R., *front of window)* Ye may well give us sympathy, Lord Clowes. I can collect no rents nor hire upon my acres; even my bondman Charles deserted.

PHILEMON. *(Clapping his thigh.* TABITHA *turns around to* JANICE, R.C.) That be he,—Charles, for a ten pun' note. *(All turn and look at him.)*

MEREDITH. Do ye know what ye're saying, Philemon?

PHILEMON. Aye, Squire, an' I be wide awake. That fellow was Charles, thy bondman. (JANICE *staggers slightly.)*

TABITHA. Janice! *(Catches her.)*

CLOWES. So ho! *(Back of spinet* R.)

MEREDITH. *(Down* R., *indicates* R.2E.) Come.

Get ye to the dining room, gentlemen. We'll have a glass or two 'fore supper's on the table.

MOBRAY. *(Over to* JANICE C.*)* Supper! The word has a joyful sound and I must wait for Trooper Rosscomb. Miss Janice—— *(Offers his hand.)*

MRS. MEREDITH. *(Down* C. *between them)* Nay, Janice has been slothful today. She has yet two rows of embroidery and her spinet practice.

CLOWES. I'd fain offer my aid. *(Down* R.*)*

JANICE. I fear I'd not accomplish much with thee beside me.

MRS. MEREDITH. Come, gentlemen. *(Exit* R.2E. MOBRAY *hands her to door* R.2E.*)*

HENNION. *(Down to* MEREDITH, *door* R.2E.*)* Squire, me'n you ain't bin the best of friends.

MEREDITH. *(Claps* HENNION *on shoulder)* 'Tis forgot. Get ye in, Lord Clowes. *(Indicates door.)* Nay, Leftenant, the bottle waits. (JANICE *crosses to* L. *They laugh, and* CLOWES, MOBRAY, HENNION *and* SQUIRE MEREDITH *exit* R.2E.*)*

HENNION. Come, Philemon. *(Exit.)*

PHILEMON. I'm comin', Father. *(Goes to door* R.2E., *then stops and turns to* JANICE.*)* Do ye like me as a soldier, Janice?

JANICE. Monstrously! And you enlisted?

PHILEMON. Aye, war come while I was in New York. Couldn't get home and my money was gone, so I minded what you said 'bout wantin' to see me in a uniform. *(Laughs.)* 'Egod, do I not look fine? (PHILEMON *chuckles.)*

JANICE. Aye, but hold thyself straighter. Now shift thy sword. *(Puts him to rights.)* I vow, Philemon, thou art almost handsome. (PHILEMON *chuckles.)* No go, for you are dangerous to any maid that looks at thee.

PHILEMON. *(Chuckles)* I be true to thee, Janice. *(Crosses to door* R., *faces.)* Didst see that,

Janice? 'Ecod, I know now my right foot from my left. *(Chuckles. Exits* R.2E.*)*

*(A pause.* JANICE *leans on door post of room at* R.2E. *Snow and sleet beat on window* R.*)*

TABITHA. *(Goes over and lays her hand on* JANICE'S *arm)* Jan!

JANICE. *(Turns with an entire change of manner)* Oh, Tabbie, Tabbie!

TABITHA. Jan, I never saw thee like this.

JANICE. I'm thinking of him. *(Crosses to fireplace.)*

TABITHA. Of—of—Charles?

JANICE. Aye, out in this storm, hounded by the red coats, his life in danger, and I can do nothing, nothing! *(Crosses to settee* L.*)*

TABITHA. *(At window* R.*)* 'Tis indeed a fearful night. *(Pauses; looks at* JANICE, *then crosses over to her.)* Jan, does thee love him?

JANICE. I do not know.

TABITHA. Not know?

JANICE. No, I fear for him and would give my life to aid him. *(Sits settee* L.*)*

TABITHA. Then thee does love him. Ah, Jan, how romantic if he should be shot.

JANICE. Tabitha!

TABITHA. Thee would look lovely weeping over his dead body, Jan, like the Lady Amaryllis. *(Kneels by* JANICE.*)*

MRS. MEREDITH. *(Enters* R.2E.*)* Tabitha, 'tis not delicate for a female to repose on the floor.

TABITHA. No, Madam.

MRS. MEREDITH. Get thee away from Janice. (TABITHA *crosses meekly to* R.2E,. *back of spinet.)* And see thee talks with no man but Squire Hennion; then thee'll be safe.

TABITHA. *(Turns at* R.2E.*)* Yes, madam. *(Exit* R.2E.*)*

MRS. MEREDITH. Come, Janice, thy tasks at once. *(Exit* R.2E.*)*

(JANICE *rises, takes her embroidery, goes to spinet and sits on stool before it. The work drops to her lap and she sits gazing at the fire* L. *She rouses herself and begins to work. She hears a sound—the work drops to her lap and she listens. She hears the sound again and half rises, one hand on the spinet. Pause. She listens, then locates the sound at the window up* R. *She goes around the down stage side of the spinet and creeps softly to the window up* R., *pauses, listens again, then suddenly throws the window wide open. Snow and sleet drive in and the candle on the spinet is extinguished. Lights down.)*

JANICE. Who's there?

CHARLES. *(Appears at window, wounded in the right side of forehead where a ball has grazed him; holds the window frame with his left hand, the pistol in his right)* Don't make a sound.

VOICE. *(Off stage)* Now beat up the hedges. Our man may be hiding there.

CHARLES. *(Vaults into the room and shuts window; leans against it exhausted. The cloak drops from him and he is seen in a ragged, snow and mud-bedraggled Continental uniform)* Ah!

JANICE. Charles!

CHARLES. *(Leans on spinet)* Hush, they're beating all the coverts for me. *(Noise of soldiers off* C. *searching for* CHARLES *and shouting.)*

JANICE. *(Backing away to* C.*)* Thee must not stay. *(A roar of laughter from room* R.2E.*)*

MOBRAY. *(In room* R.2E.*)* Here's that we may

catch yonder straggler and hang him! *(Laughter and clinking of glasses off* R.2E.*)*

JANICE. Dost thee hear that?

CHARLES. Aye, but this room is safer than without, unless you turn traitor again. *(Leans on spinet.)*

JANICE. Again?

CHARLES. Who told that spy Clowes of the powder?

JANICE. Not I.

CHARLES. He had the letter from Washington.

JANICE. 'Twas stolen, then. Who helped thee to escape?

CHARLES. Tabitha.

JANICE. *(By settee)* Oh, I like thy impertinence!

CHARLES. Does the truth hurt you? I cast you from my heart as I lay prisoner in that smoke house, and then the door flew open. I saw Tabitha like a good angel there——

JANICE. Oh, I wonder at thee. *(Rises and to mantel.)*

CHARLES. Was Tabitha not there?

JANICE. Aye, standing like—like a ninny. Angel forsooth, 'tis a wooden angel you mean. *(Sits on settee* L.*)*

CHARLES. I only tell you what I saw.

JANICE. Aye, man-like you only saw what was before your eyes. I—I was behind the door!

CHARLES. Janice! *(Crosses a little.)*

JANICE. I opened the door for thee; I planned it all,—a plague on you, you've made me cry.

CHARLES. I did not know. Can you forgive me? *(Reels and clutches settee for support.)*

JANICE. Thou'rt wounded! *(Goes to him timidly.)*

CHARLES. A scratch!

JANICE. Let me bind it. *(Takes her handkerchief.)*

CHARLES. Oh, Janice, there is healing in thy hands. I never thought to be so near you again.

JANICE. Why do you come here?

CHARLES. Duty! I ride to General Lee; if he joins his force to Washington's, we'll cross the Delaware and strike a blow at Colonel Rahl and his Hessians at Trenton that will fire the country.

JANICE. *(Runs to door* R.*)* Ah, why come here and put thyself in the lion's jaws?

CHARLES. My horse gave out, fell from exhaustion. I came to take one from your barn.

JANICE. You came to steal Joggles? Fie, Charles!

CHARLES. 'Twas for Washington and the Cause. They've beaten our troops, but not our General. Besides I wanted a sight of you, to know you were safe. *(Takes her hands.)*

JANICE. *(Backing away)* Then you were not coming to see Tabbie?

CHARLES. Nay, I've longed to see you till life was insupportable. *(Both go up back.)*

JANICE. You must not stay.

CHARLES. Faith, 'tis safer than going.

MOBRAY. *(In room* R.2E.*)* A bumper to the bride! *(A roar of laughter and the clinking of glasses in room* R.2E.*)*

PHILEMON. Do'ee hear, Janice? *(Opens door* R.2E. *and stands in doorway.* JANICE, *with a quick movement, pushes* CHARLES *behind curtains* R.U. *and begins to play on spinet.)*

PHILEMON. Janice! Thou art given me.

JANICE. Hush, Philemon. Thy voice jars on this melody.

PHILEMON. Hoy, you are to marry me.

(SQUIRE MEREDITH *appears in doorway* R.2E.*)*

JANICE. *(Breaks off with a discord)* Dadda!

MEREDITH. Aye, I'm sick of all this clanker. I'd see thee wed.

JANICE. But I do not love him.

PHILEMON. Ye've only seen me in uniform but an hour!

MEREDITH. 'Tis settled, Philemon. Come, we'll drink to your happiness! *(Claps him on the shoulder and they exit* R.2E. *Roar of laughter off* R.2E.*)*

MOBRAY. *(Off* R.2E.*)* Here's to Leftenant Hennion and his bride. *(Laughter and clinking of glasses as door closes* R.2E.*)*

CHARLES. *(Enters from behind curtains to* C. *above spinet)* Is it true? Speak, answer me, or I'll—— *(Makes a movement towards door* R.2.E. JANICE *springs between* CHARLES *and door* R.2E.*)* I'll face them all!

JANICE. And your duty to Washington?

CHARLES. Ah!

JANICE. Thy honor is at stake; you must ride on!

CHARLES. Aye, but the means. *(A muffled knock on door* C.*)*

JANICE. Hark! *(The laughter and clinking of glasses is heard again off* R.2E. JANICE *motions* CHARLES *to get behind curtains up* R. CHARLES *does so.* JANICE *opens the door.* TROOPER ROSSCOMB *enters.)*

JANICE. Who may you be, sir?

ROSSCOMB. Trooper Rosscomb with dispatch for Leftenant Mobray. Is he here?

JANICE. Aye, sir. Leftenant Mobray expects you.

ROSSCOMB. Thank ye, Miss. This way? *(Crosses to* R.C.*)*

JANICE. Nay, you are to rest in the kitchen— *(Indicates* L.2E.*)*—and await Leftenant Mobray.

ROSSCOMB. I'll but see to my horse. *(Starts up* C.*)*

JANICE. Pardon, sir, but the servants will do that

for thee. *(Opens kitchen door* L.2E.*; calls)* Sukey!

SUKEY. *(Enters* L.2E.*)* Yes, Missie!

JANICE. Get thee to the kitchen fire, sir.

ROSSCOMB. That I will gladly and thank ye, Miss. *(Exit* L.2E.*)*

JANICE. Sukey, follow and lock the back door.

SUKEY. My good Lord, Missie, dem sogers kill me for sure.

JANICE. *(Stamping her foot)* Obey! *(*SUKEY *exits* L.2E.*)*

CHARLES. *(Enters from behind curtains up* R.*)* Janice!

JANICE. *(Shuts door* L.2E.*, locks it, turns to* CHARLES*)* The soldiers are in the kitchen. Take his horse and ride for your life.

CHARLES. God bless you! *(Exit* C.*)*

JANICE. Quick! *(Locks door up* C. *and then down* C. *A roar of laughter and cries of "Miss Janice, a toast to her. Aye, aye." At the same time the door opens* R.2E. *and* MOBRAY, PHILEMON, SQUIRE MEREDITH, SQUIRE HENNION, CLOWES, TABITHA *and* MRS. MEREDITH *enter with glasses in their hands.)*

MRS. MEREDITH. Gentlemen.

SQUIRE MEREDITH. Nay, marm, you must drink.

MOBRAY. A health to the bride!

PHILEMON. Hoy, do'ee hear that, Janice?

JANICE. Aye. *(Seizes glass from* PHILEMON.*)* Drink to me, gentlemen, a toast!

ALL. *(Laugh)* Aye, a toast. (JANICE *on settee before fire* L., *her glass raised. All gather about her.)*

MEREDITH. She consents!
PHILEMON. Listen to Janice!
MOBRAY. Silence, silence!
CLOWES. Beauty speaks!
*(Together)*

JANICE. *(As the voices fall to silence)* Raise your glasses with me. My toast—— *(The door is*

*burst in* L.2E. *by the butts of soldiers' muskets.* TROOPER ROSSCOMB *enters with another soldier dragging* SUKEY.*)*

SUKEY. I never done it, gemmen—
MOBRAY. Trooper Rosscomb!
CLOWES. What's this?
*(Together)*

*(Exclamations from all.)*

ROSSCOMB. Treachery, Leftenant. This wench locked the kitchen door.

MOBRAY. Why were you in the kitchen?

ROSSCOMB. I was sent there by her. *(Points to* JANICE.*)*

MOBRAY. So! *(Muffled thud of a horse's hoofs off* C.*)*

CLOWES. The door! *(Men rush to door.)*

ROSSCOMB. My horse?

MOBRAY. Locked!

PHILEMON. *(Throws open window)* The horse is gone!

CLOWES. 'Tis Charles!

MOBRAY. *(To* JANICE, *who has not moved from stool before fire* L.*)* You helped him!

JANICE. Aye! My toast is— Success to Washington!

CURTAIN

## ACT III

SCENE: *Parlor in Drinkwater's house at Trenton, N. J.*

TIME: *Christmas Day, 1776.*

*Music: "German Trooper's March."*

*The scene shows a large room, furnishings heavy in character. Down* R.2E. *there is a large fireplace; above it on the right is the main door of entrance leading through a hallway to the front door of the house. In the* C. *of the back flat there is a large window with heavy curtains. This window looks out on the river.* L.2E. *a door leads to another part of the house. Above the door, stairs lead to a balcony which extends from the left corner of the scene to the left edge of the window* C.

*The furniture is of dark oak, a settee with a low back before the fire. In the angle between the right of window* C. *and the upper edge of doorway up* R., *an old-fashioned carved sideboard well furnished with bottles, glasses, etc., heavy charged oaken table and two chairs* L.C., *the chairs with low backs and broad seats, no arms to chair on* L. *of table. On this table,* L.C., *a heavy brass inkstand and paper and several quill pens. This table is covered with map and has on it a stone whiskey bottle and a glass; there is also lamp with a shade. A low bench set in the angle of the downstage end of stairs* L.

*At rise of curtain it is six p.m. Lamp on table in* L.C. *is lighted but turned low.*

DISCOVERED: COLONEL RAHL *is asleep in chair* R. *of table* L.C. *In his left hand, which is extended*

*across table* L.C., *there is a whiskey tumbler half full.* LIEUTENANT PIEL *is standing at attention on opposite side of table.*

*In front of fire* R. *stand two Hessian Soldiers with their muskets. At the door of entrance up* R. *stands the* COLONEL'S *orderly,* BUGER.

*Lights half down. Scene lighted by glare of the fire* R. *and a subdued light from the lamp which falls on* COLONEL RAHL'S *face.*

*The picture is held when the curtain is well up. No one moves.*

LIEUT. PIEL *glances at* COL. RAHL, *pauses a moment, then deliberately moves his right hand to his sword hilt and knocks the scabbard against the table* L.C.

COLONEL RAHL. *(Wakens)* Ach! Vot was dat?

PIEL. Beg pardon, Colonel Rahl!

COLONEL. Potausend! To vaken me ven I dream of Vaterland und—vell, vell, vot is it?

PIEL. Your answer to the men of the Lossberg Regiment!

RAHL. Vot is dot? Hafe dey ask somethings, hey?

PIEL. The request is in your hand. *(Points to* RAHL'S *right hand, in which is a crumpled piece of paper. Turning up lamp)* Only for permission to celebrate. *(Men come to salute.)*

RAHL. Celebrate?

PIEL. It is Christmas, Colonel!

RAHL. By tam, I had forgotten him. Ach, so it iss Christmas. Vell, dey shall celebrate! *(Signs order, hands it to* PIEL. PIEL *crosses to door up* R.C.*)* Hey, Buger. *(The Orderly comes down back of table and salutes.)* Fill mein glass. De men celebrate und I too. *(*BUGER *fills* RAHL'S *glass.* RAHL *laughs. Holds his full glass up.)* Here iss de true

happiness in life,—a full glass, a good sword under a charger, den hey for glory! *(Drinks. Sings a bar of German drinking song.)*

PIEL. *(R. at settee)* Any orders for the pickets tonight, Colonel?

RAHL. Let dose pickets rest und celebrate too! Himmel, der rebels are freezing over there. *(Laughs.)* In a week dis rebellion will be ended. (PIEL *salutes—starts for door* R.) Lieutenant!

PIEL. *(Turns—salutes)* Colonel!

RAHL. Von thing be careful. A trooper will be sent to me from Sir Villiam Howe tonight. Sir Villiam wants der disposition of der Hessian forces in Trenton. I hafe it written out. *(Shows paper.)* Give der trooper safe conduct to me at vonce! *(Takes up his whiskey glass.)* Und send all mein officers here! Ve vill celebrate, hey? (PIEL *salutes.* RAHL *raises his glass and sings German drinking song.* PIEL *turns to exit, door up* R. *Soldiers at fire come to present as he turns to them. A confused murmur of voices off, the stamping of many feet, a heavy door is heard to slam and a rattle of swords.* PIEL *pauses.* RAHL *turns, his glass half raised.)* Vot is dot? Open door! (LIEUTENANT PIEL *salutes and flings the door open wide.)*

MOBRAY. *(Enters door up* R.) Colonel Rahl!

RAHL. Here! Gott in Himmel, shut de door. Vould you make icicles of us!

MOBRAY. Pardon me! *(Turns to shut door. The Orderly does so.* MOBRAY *turns to* RAHL.) Important matters, Colonel; otherwise I should not disturb you. Now—I have brought a prisoner to deliver into General Grant's hands.

RAHL. A prisoner, so, a tammed rebel; but General Grant is not here.

MOBRAY. Where may he be found?

RAHL. At Mount Holly!

MOBRAY. I must push on, though we're hardly in condition for more riding.

RAHL. *(Laying his hand on* MOBRAY'S *arm)* Vor vy? Iss there not a fire here, und liquors? *(Takes up bottle.)* Dunder, remain!

MOBRAY. And the prisoner?

RAHL. Safe here, quite safe.

MOBRAY. I'll accept joyfully, Colonel.

RAHL. Goot. Ve vill celebrate de Christmas to-night, Lieutenant. Order de escort inside. *(Goes up* C. LIEUT. PIEL *salutes and exits, door up* R.C. *Wind and sleet on window* C.*)* Bur-r-r—dot tammed vetter!

MOBRAY. You can laugh at the storm with such snug quarters, Colonel Rahl. *(Crosses to fire.)*

RAHL. *(Filling his glass at table* L.C.*)* Dunder! Vell, dis prisoner, a spy, eh? *(Down* C.*)*

MOBRAY. *(Standing with back to fire* R.*)* Well, hardly!

RAHL. I vould like to have dese rebels all prisoners. Dey are like foxes—now here, hoo, away—*(Crosses* L. *and up back of table. The door up* R. *is thrown open and Two Cavalrymen enter. Behind them is* JANICE. *She is wrapped in a cloak and has her hands in a muff. Behind her are* TABITHA, MEREDITH, CLOWES *and* PHILEMON. *As* RAHL *sees the ladies he gives a start and bows profoundly.)* Ach, ladies! Lieutenant, you toldt me nothing of der ladies. Is it dot you vill enter mein poor place—und—und—but der prisoner. Where is dis rascal prisoner?

JANICE. *(Down* C. TABITHA *up* R.C. CLOWES, PHILEMON, MEREDITH *up* C. MOBRAY *starts around to* L. *Moving a little nearer* RAHL *and curtseying)* Here, please, your highness!

RAHL. *(L.C.)* Vot ish dot?

JANICE. I'm the prisoner.

RAHL. Vot is dis, Lieutenant?

MOBRAY. *(Down* R.*)* She speaks the truth, Colonel.

RAHL. Vot de teufel hafe you been doing, eh?

MOBRAY. I'll go into that shortly. Let me present to you Lord Clowes, Squire Meredith and Lieutenant Hennion. Now, Colonel!

RAHL. Vait. Lieutenant! Clear me der room out. Quick, march! *(The two Hessians at fireplace file out, followed by Orderly and* PIEL.*)*

MOBRAY. *(Up to door* R.C. *To his two cavalrymen)* Stay within call. I may need you. *(They exit.)*

RAHL. *(*L.C. *Peering at* TABBIE R.C., *who has stolen down to* JANICE*)* And who is der odder? Vot has she to do here?

JANICE. Very little, an't please you. She lives here, that's all.

RAHL. Vot iss dis you tell me?

JANICE. To be sure, she's been away on a visit to me, but she hopes you're quite comfortable in her house, sir. *(Curtsies to* RAHL.*)*

MEREDITH. Daughter!

MOBRAY. *(Down* L. *of table* L.C.*)* Now, Colonel Rahl, when you're ready. (RAHL *turns to* MOBRAY.)

JANICE. *(*C. *Loudly and quickly)* No, Tabbie. No.

RAHL. *(Quick turn to* JANICE*)* Vot iss dot?

JANICE. *(Demurely)* Tabbie wanted to go to the fire. I told her we'd be shot if we stirred.

RAHL. *(Laughs)* You shooted, ach!

JANICE. *(Moving a little nearer* RAHL *and eyeing him wickedly)* I suppose you love to shoot prisoners?

RAHL. Never; it iss our duty, but it grieves us.

JANICE. I'm joyed to hear that, sir.

MOBRAY. Colonel.

RAHL. *(With a start)* Yaw; at vonce. *(Turns to* MOBRAY.*)*

JANICE. *(Softly, at* RAHL'S *side)* Then we may go to the fire, sir?

RAHL. *(Turning and giving* JANICE *his hand gallantly)* Madam, it gifes me pleasure to escort you! *(Places her on settee* R.C.*)*

CLOWES. *(Under his breath to* MOBRAY*—crosses down* L. *to* MOBRAY*)* Damme, she'd bamboozle old Nick himself.

RAHL. Dere, madschen, close to der logs. *(Places* JANICE *on settee,* TABBIE *behind her.)*

JANICE. Thank you, Colonel. *(Gives him her hand.)*

RAHL. *(Bowing)* It iss a delight. *(Bows over* JANICE'S *hand, coughs, straightens up. Crosses to table* L.C.*)* Now den, to business, eh? *(Sits* R. *table,* L.C. PHILEMON *up* R. MEREDITH *and* CLOWES *up* C.*)*

MOBRAY. *(Back of table* L.C.*)* Exactly. Mistress Janice Meredith helped a rebel spy to escape.

JANICE. And how do you know that, Lieutenant?

MOBRAY. Your pardon, Mistress Janice, but I am not addressing you.

RAHL. *(With a look at* JANICE*)* So— *(Rises.)* But how do you know dot, eh?

JANICE. Eh, Lieutenant!

MOBRAY. The proof is conclusive. Mistress Janice was in the entrance hall at Greenwood. This spy——

MEREDITH. A bondman, curse him. Your pardon!

MOBRAY. This spy was there, ran the gauntlet and escaped on Trooper Rosscomb's horse——

JANICE. *(Crosses over to* C.*)* And oh, Colonel, if you had seen those poor silly officers— Nay, don't frown, Lieutenant, you were one. If you had seen

them standing with glass in hand while the gentleman stole away.

MOBRAY. Silence!

MEREDITH. Janice! (RAHL *throws back his head and roars with laughter. They all pause and look at him, then* MOBRAY, PHILEMON, CLOWES *and* MEREDITH *turn away,* MOBRAY *angry.)*

RAHL. Vile de mans stole away? *(Laughs.)*

JANICE. *(Rises and moves over to* RAHL) Indeed it happened so, Colonel.

RAHL. *(With a judicial air)* But why did you not give a little cry und say "Dere he goes," eh?

JANICE. What, tell his Majesty's officers their duty? Fie, Colonel. That's much too forward for a Miss like me.

MOBRAY. Don't let her deceive you, Colonel. She knew what the fellow was at.

JANICE. The fellow, as you are pleased to call him, Lieutenant, outwitted you.

MOBRAY. Yes, with your aid.

RAHL. Now dot iss not proven, sir!

MOBRAY. What?

JANICE. Oh, Colonel, it is gratifying to meet justice at last. *(Gives* RAHL *her hand.)*

RAHL. Did der lady open der door for dis rebel?

MOBRAY. Why——

JANICE. (R.C.) I pray you answer, Lieutenant.

MOBRAY. No, but she——

RAHL. Nein, nein, Lieutenant; she did not open dis door. Dat iss von for her.

JANICE. I protest, Colonel, you are growing in my affections every moment. *(Curtsey.* MOBRAY *comes down* L. *of table and* CLOWES *goes up back to* MEREDITH.*)*

MOBRAY. We'll see what Commander Grant has to say. *(Starts toward door up* R.*)*

RAHL. Not so. *(Getting between* MOBRAY *and the door.)* I, Colonel Rahl, command here, Lieuten-

ant. (MOBRAY *pauses.)* You vill remain here und ve vill see further into dis.

PIEL. *(Enters door up* R.*)* Colonel, the officers are ready with their report.

RAHL. So, I will come. (PIEL *salutes and stands by door up* R.*)* Gentlemen! Ladies, make dis house your own. Mistress Janice—— Ach, so dey stood still vile de mans stole away! A joke! *(Laughs and exits, door up* R., *followed by* PIEL.)

JANICE. Truly, Tabbie, Colonel Rahl hath a most proper spirit. (TABBIE *at fireplace.)*

MOBRAY. For a prisoner, Mistress Janice, I protest you conduct yourself in a most extraordinary manner.

JANICE. Extraordinary, lud. Tabbie, dost hear the Lieutenant. I'm invited to give a toast. A glass is thrust into my hand. I obey like the willing miss I am. I hold the glass. I rack my poor brain for a grain of wit, and when forsooth I find it, lo, I am seized, because indeed——

CLOWES. *(Down* C.*)* You aided a rebel to escape——

JANICE. Lud, Tabbie, do but hear his lordship. A rebel to escape, when he was ne'er made prisoner.

PHILEMON. *(Down* C.*)* That's true?

MOBRAY. *(*R.C.*)* How, sir, dare you question your superior officer?

JANICE. *(On settee* R.*)* Have a care, I pray thee, Philemon. Making prisoners is the fashion. 'Tis so much easier than fighting.

MOBRAY. Mistress Janice!

JANICE. *(Clapping her hands)* Ah, Tabbie, look; the noble Lieutenant's angry!

MOBRAY. *(Turns to* L.*)* You're enough to provoke a saint!

JANICE. What an ungallant speech.

PHILEMON. *(*C. *Facing* MOBRAY) Your par-

don, Lieutenant, but Mistress Janice is my promised wife.

TABITHA. *(Back of settee* R.*)* Jan, they'll quarrel in a moment.

JANICE. 'Twill serve to keep them warm.

MOBRAY. Well, sir!

PHILEMON. I allow no man to address her in this manner. (MEREDITH *comes down to* L. *of table.)*

MOBRAY. Zounds, sir!

*(As the two men stand glancing fiercely at each other* TABBIE *gives a slight exclamation and clutches* JANICE *by the arm.)*

JANICE. *(Leaning back on settee* R. *coolly)* Philemon, wilt throw another log on the fire?

PHILEMON. Will I—will I—willingly. *(Darts across to fire* R. *and puts on log.)*

JANICE. And Lieutenant, can'st not find a footstool for me? I'm perishing with cold!

MOBRAY. On the instant! *(Up* C. *for stool and then down to* JANICE.)

JANICE. *(Giving her commands)* Tabbie, see if your room is undisturbed. (TABBIE *crosses to* L. *and goes upstairs to door* L. *and exits.)* Another log, Philemon. The footstool nearer the blaze, Lieutenant.

CLOWES. *(Down* L. *with* MEREDITH. *To* MEREDITH) Gad, Squire, dost wonder at our infatuation? *(*R. *of table.)*

JANICE. Lord Clowes, see what the weather is, I pray! (CLOWES *goes up to window laughingly.)*

CLOWES. Egad, I'm drafted too. *(Up to window.)*

PHILEMON. *(*R. *of* JANICE) Art warmer, now, Janice?

MOBRAY. *(*L. *of* JANICE, *little up)* Can I do aught else?

JANICE. Thank you, Philemon, and you too, Lieutenant. Lord Clowes!

CLOWES. *(Down* C., *back of table)* I have to report, Mistress Janice, that the weather is villainous.

MEREDITH. *(Back of table* L. *As sleet beats on window and wind rises)* The worst storm of the winter, or I know not Jersey!

JANICE. 'Tis comfortable to be housed, though a prisoner.

TABBIE. *(Entering on balcony* L.C.*)* The room is ready, Janice.

JANICE. *(Rises)* Thank you, Tabbie.

PIEL. *(Enter* R.2*)* Your pardon, Lieutenant Mobray, Colonel Rahl requests the favor of your presence.

MOBRAY. Directly, Lieutenant. *(Starts up* R. CLOWES *with* MEREDITH, *back table* L.*)* Mistress Janice, give me your parole.

JANICE. (PHILEMON *leaning on mantel* R.*)* Willingly, if thou'lt tell me what that is!

MOBRAY. Your word of honor that you'll not try to escape.

JANICE. Now out upon you, Lieutenant. *(Crosses* C.*)* Would'st spoil the game?

MOBRAY. The game?

JANICE. Aye, 'tis that gives enjoyment to this entanglement: all the journey here I've been planning an escape.

MOBRAY. How?

JANICE. 'Tis true, and now thou'lt have me sit in chimney corner like some old dame. Fie, fie, sir, I'll not do it. Nay, look to yourself, Lieutenant. I'll scamper quickly if opportunity comes.

MOBRAY. Very good. Blame not me if I take precautions.

JANICE. 'Tis my wit against thine, Captain, and a fair field for contest! *(Curtsey.)*

MOBRAY. As you please. *(Bows and exits* R.*)*

TABITHA. *(From balcony)* Janice!

JANICE. Presently, Tabitha. Do you make ready for me. I'll come soon. (TABITHA *exits, door on balcony.)*

PHILEMON. How will thou escape, Janice? *(Down at settee.)*

JANICE. Nay, that is not fair, Philemon. Thou'rt on the side that holds me captive!

PHILEMON. *(Moves toward* JANICE *slightly)* You've but to say the word and——

CLOWES. *(Crosses to* L.C.*)* Confidences with fair prisoners have their dangers, Lieutenant!

PHILEMON. Now who in thunder are you to give orders?

JANICE. Lord Clowes fears for thee, Philemon.

PHILEMON. He'd best look to himself.

PIEL. *(Enters, door up* R.*)* Colonel Rahl's compliments, and will Lieutenant Hennion and the gentlemen of Lieutenant Mobray's party step this way.

CLOWES. Lieutenant Mobray fears an attack on Mistress Janice when his back is turned.

JANICE. Pray do not keep the Colonel waiting! *(Crosses* L.*)*

CLOWES. *(Up to door* R.2 *with* MEREDITH*)* 'Tis some news from that rebel, Washington, be sure.

MEREDITH. *(As they exit, door up* R.*)* May he be soon taken. (CLOWES *and* MEREDITH *exit, door up* R., *followed by Orderly.)*

JANICE. *(Over to* L.C.*)* Dost not intend to obey the Colonel's orders, Philemon?

PHILEMON. *(Crosses to* JANICE*)* Not if you'd have me stay.

JANICE. Nay, go. One prisoner is enough. (PHILEMON *up to door* R.C. *At window up* C. *wind and sleet heard.)* Tell me, Philemon, will the storm continue, think you? *(Up to window.)*

PHILEMON. Aye! *(With a look out of window up* C., *his hand on door up* R.*)* Most like it will increase!

JANICE. Are the fords passable?

PHILEMON. Not in such weather. The river's filled with floating ice.

JANICE. And Washington and his army are on the other side?

PHILEMON. Aye, there they'll stay.

JANICE. Why, I can see their campfires. Are they so near?

PHILEMON. Aye, but they might be in Baltimore for all the good't can do them. *(He throws open the door up* R. *and exits.)*

JANICE. Only the river's width between us!

TABITHA. *(Enters on balcony)* Janice, art coming?

JANICE. Soon, Tabbie. What a night! *(Wind and sleet heard.)*

TABITHA. *(Coming halfway down stairs)* Janice, where is Charles?

JANICE. *(Down* R.*)* Now how should I know, Miss Pert?

TABITHA. Indeed thou dost. Come tell me. *(Crosses to* R.C.*)*

JANICE. Art a rebel or a subject of King George?

TABITHA. (JANICE *at fireplace)* Look about you. Dost think I believe in a cause that turns a homestead into barracks? Father and Aunt driven from the house? Why, I found my room quite in confusion. The washstand gone, the sheets missing, and oh, Janice, think of it, footmarks on my white counterpane.

JANICE. Oh, Tabbie! Well!

TABITHA. I was loyal till then, but the bootmarks turned me. *(Loudly)* I am a rebel!

JANICE. Hush, wouldst have a regiment here to seize thee?

*(The door opens and* SERGEANT BUGER *enters. He closes the door and stands inside at attention.)*

TABITHA. *(Sees* BUGER *and utters a low cry.* JANICE *does not see* BUGER, *having her back to door* R.*)* Mercy, indeed I spoke recklessly!

JANICE. In pity's name, Tabbie, what hath come over thee? *(Takes* TABITHA *by the arm.)*

TABITHA. There—over there! *(Waving her free hand and arm violently.)*

JANICE. Wilt please talk sense?

TABITHA. Over there, dost not see—look!

JANICE. *(Turns and sees* BUGER) And whence come you, sir soldier? (BUGER *salutes, smiles a broad grin, then instantly resumes a most vacant expression.)* Come here, sir soldier! (BUGER, *with a vacant expression, comes down* C., *looks at* JANICE, *grins, then assumes a vacant expression.)*

TABITHA. Oh, Lud, Janice, hath he come for me?

JANICE. He will not say. What a taking smile he hath! (BUGER *grins broadly.)* I protest it lights up the room completely. (BUGER *grins.)* Prithee, no more, sir soldier. I fear for thy face! (BUGER *assumes vacant expression.)*

TABITHA. What dost make of him, Janice?

JANICE. I cannot say. He is not talkative. Come, let me think on't. *(She crosses to* R. *slowly.* BUGER *quietly faces and follows* JANICE.)

TABITHA. *(Clutching the stair rail)* Janice.

JANICE. Well? *(Turns quickly.* BUGER *halts.* JANICE *comes face to face with him.* BUGER *grins broadly, then assumes vacant expression.)* Now what's all this, sir soldier?

TABITHA. In one moment, Janice, I shall scream. *(Up on stairs.)*

JANICE. *(Crossing up* L. *to* TABITHA *on stairs)* Thou silly, I'll be angry with thee if—— (BUGER *has faced and followed* JANICE *stolidly.)*

TABITHA. *(Mounting two stairs hurriedly)* He's behind thee.

JANICE. *(Turns quickly and finds* BUGER *directly behind her)* Well? Saw anyone the like?

TABITHA. What can we do?

JANICE. Treat him as a friend. Sir soldier, we admire thee. Thou'st a very proper man. (BUGER *grins amiably.* JANICE *and* TABITHA *together.)* But thy conversation lacks point. *(A pause.)* Can't you speak? *(The door opens up* R. *and* RAHL *enters with* MOBRAY.)

RAHL. *(Crosses with* MOBRAY *to door* L.2E. *behind table* L.C.*)* Dis way to main private room, Lieutenant. *(Cross to* L.*)*

MOBRAY. *(Follows him)* With pleasure, Colonel.

JANICE. *(On stairs)* Gentlemen, a moment, I pray you.

RAHL. *(Stops, front of door* L. MOBRAY *in doorway* L.*)* Mistress Janice.

JANICE. *(Bending over rail of stair)* I am most warmly attached to the army, but may I ask why the army attaches itself to me?

RAHL. Vot iss dot? I do not understand.

JANICE. This charming soldier, with the enormous smile?

RAHL. 'Tis Buger, eh, vot? (BUGER *salutes* C.)

JANICE. 'Tis not his name I'd ask, but why he's here.

MOBRAY. The Sergeant is detailed by my request, Mistress Janice, to watch you. You refused to give your parole, remember.

JANICE. Thank you, Lieutenant Mobray, but why a single soldier? Dost not remember the old adage, there's safety in numbers?

MOBRAY. I have guarded against thy charms. Buger is ordered not to address you. Come, Colonel, I'm at your orders!

RAHL. Diss way. *(Waving his hand toward door* L.2E.*)*

MOBRAY. *(Crosses* RAHL*)* Thank you. *(Exit* L.2E.*)*

RAHL. Mistress Janice—*(Bowing)*—I envy de Sergeant's duty. *(Starts for door* L.2E.*)*

JANICE. *(Archly)* Stay and take his place.

RAHL. *(Stops with a start)* Nein, too much danger. Himmel, der fire from dose eyes would kill me quicker. *(Bows and exits* L.2E. *A pause. No one moves.* TABITHA *on balcony.* JANICE *on small landing.* BUGER *standing immovable* L.C.*)*

TABITHA. What wilt do, Janice?

JANICE. Go to thy room, Tabbie. I'll follow—*(Down to* BUGER. TABITHA *turns to door on balcony)*—with my soldier. *(Runs up stairs.)*

TABITHA. *(Turns sharply on landing)* Janice, I wonder at thee.

JANICE. You heard the Lieutenant, but even so I must curl my hair. *(Turns to* BUGER; *runs down to him.)* Canst hold the curling tongs, sir soldier?

TABITHA. He will not speak.

JANICE. I vow he'd make a proper husband.

TABITHA. Shame on thee, Janice.

JANICE. And why, is he not my soldier? *(Walks all around him.)* I vow he's growing in my regard with every minute. On, Tabbie! *(Starts for stairs with* BUGER.*)*

TABITHA. Nay, Janice.

JANICE. Oh, we'll leave my soldier at our door. (TABITHA *exits, door on balcony.)* Come up on the steps. One, two; left, right. Canst not carry thy head higher? Now, that is better. Brace thy elbows out and look stern, thou man of war.

*(Note here that* JANICE *backs up stairs, facing* BUGER, *who follows her.* JANICE *and* BUGER *go*

*up stairs during this and exit through door on balcony.)*

CLOWES. *(Enters, followed by* SQUIRE MEREDITH, *door up* R.*)* Nay, nay, Squire. I have done naught but what my heart prompted. *(To table, throws cloak off on chair left.)*

MEREDITH. If e'er the dice cease throwing me blanks, I'll not forget your kindness and your loans. *(On settee* R.*)*

CLOWES. *(Over to* MEREDITH*)* One word and you'll make me your debtor, Squire.

MEREDITH. And what may that be, sir?

CLOWES. Give me Mistress Janice. Come, I'm a good match. In the last two years I've salted down nigh sixty thousand pounds.

MEREDITH. And how did ye that?

CLOWES. By arts that turned this war to profit. I am Commissary General. I impress food and forage and King George pays me what I choose to ask.

MEREDITH. Madness. 'Tis the very taking of crops without payment that hath stirred the people.

CLOWES. 'Tis very like, but can you hope better for Mistress Janice than to have her Lady Clowes?

MEREDITH. She's promised!

CLOWES. Chut! I know, to Lieutenant Hennion. I'll deal with him. *(Crosses* C.*)*

MEREDITH. *(Rises)* I fear the influence on Janice of this bondman, Charles . . .

CLOWES. Nay, we'll have him dangling at rope's end before the war's over.

MEREDITH. Nevertheless, my word is passed to Hennion!

CLOWES. But you'll not balk the girl's desires, if they turn toward me?

MEREDITH. As to that, Lord Clowes, you must deal with her.

CLOWES. 'Tis all I ask.

MEREDITH. I'll back to Philemon—poor lad. He's uneasy at Janice's treatment of him. *(Exit door up* R.*)*

CLOWES. So one point in my favor. *(Front of fire* R.*)*

MOBRAY. *(Enter door* L.2E.*—speaks in room* L.2E.*)* I'll attend to it, Colonel.

CLOWES. *(To* R.C.*)* Gad, here's a friend ready to my hand. *(Leans on settee.)*

MOBRAY. *(*R.C.*)* To be the friend of Lord Clowes is an honor.

CLOWES. 'Tis my rights I ask for. *(Cross* L.C.*)*

MOBRAY. So?

CLOWES. The sums of money you owe me. I've present calls for funds and therefore ask their payment.

MOBRAY. What you ask, Lord Clowes, is impossible, you know that.

CLOWES. I've little knowledge of your affairs, Lieutenant.

MOBRAY. I say you know I cannot pay. Come, what do you want?—Speak out.

CLOWES. Two services from you. One—send Lieutenant Hennion with a message across the river tonight.

MOBRAY. 'Tis certain death.

CLOWES. Wait. Second, you are to let me rescue Mistress Janice tonight.

MOBRAY. Well, damn your impudence.

CLOWES. Your answer, Lieutenant. Remember you are in my debt for thousands.

MOBRAY. Aye, you are my creditor, and here's my answer. *(Strikes him with glove.)* You wear a sword, Lord Clowes.

CLOWES. Aye! *(Pauses.)* But I draw it not against a bankrupt officer!

MOBRAY. By——

CLOWES. You will be sold up, driven from the

army in disgrace. Make the most of this Christmas. 'Tis your last in gold lace. *(Crosses to* L.C.*)*

MOBRAY. Oh, you would not—not that!

CLOWES. Aye.

MOBRAY. I deserve my fate, but the army is my home, and if I cannot command, I'll still remain and serve. Aye, and fight as a private for the colors. *(Exit door up* R.*)*

CLOWES. *(Up to door after him)* Curse him! Why need he spoil such a pretty plan.

JANICE. *(Enters on balcony with* BUGER *behind her)* I protest, sir soldier. I grieved to keep thee waiting.

CLOWES. Mistress Janice!

JANICE. Pray you not so loud. I've some few confidences to exchange with my soldier. *(Crosses* C.*)*

CLOWES. I would have speech with thee, Mistress Janice.

JANICE. Say on, sir.

CLOWES. Nay, alone.

JANICE. *(Comes down and* BUGER *follows)* 'Tis impossible. I am a prisoner. *(Crosses down* C.*)*

CLOWES. The business is important.

JANICE. I cannot rid of my soldier. He's like a second conscience.

CLOWES. His duty can be quite as well discharged outside yonder door.

JANICE. Aye, can it? I'll make a trial of it. *(Goes over to* BUGER.*)* Good soldier, wilt retire for a time? The flash of thy gold buttons in the fire glare hurts my eyes. (BUGER *solemnly faces and exits, door up* R.*)* He's gone. Now what has't thou to say? *(Sits on settee* R.*)*

CLOWES. *(Over at settee)* An old story, Mistress Janice, my love for you——

JANICE. Your pardon, sir—— *(Rises.)*

CLOWES. Nay, why will you not listen?

JANICE. Because I doubt, and where doubt is, even regard cannot remain.

CLOWES. Why do you doubt?

JANICE. Is there aught about you to inspire confidence, Lord Clowes? I'm untutored in your gay world, yet I have my standard for a man and you are wanting.

CLOWES. We'll mend that.

JANICE. Nay, 'tis nature. It will not out. You spy and lurk on the border of this war while brave men are fighting for what they believe is right. I honor every British soldier—but you who are faithful to none, an enemy of all—you I despise.

CLOWES. By Heaven!

JANICE. Even now you are cowardly.

CLOWES. I'll prove to you . . .

JANICE. You cannot. You force yourself on me, a prisoner, when there's no escape. You pester me with attention when I cannot leave you. Oh, it is the part of a coward!

CLOWES. Bethink ye, Janice, there's no safety for thee! *(Up* C.*)*

JANICE. Aye, but there is. By Washington's side. *(Tears open curtain at window* C.*)* There where his campfires burn, there with my countrymen,—ragged, starving, but still fighting for God's freedom.

CLOWES. How will you reach them? *(Goes up* C.*)*

JANICE. I'll find the way. *(Down* L.C.*)*

CLOWES. *(Comes down* R. *of table)* And your father, would he be safe there?

JANICE. Yes.

CLOWES. No, he has sworn allegiance to the British,—accepted office. Should he fall into the rebels' hands his life would pay for it.

JANICE. *(Starting back and dropping into chair* R. *of table* L.C.*)* Oh, is this true?

CLOWES. 'Tis true. (JANICE *sits. She buries*

*her face in her hands on table* L.C.*)* Be comforted, Janice. I swear to you I will save him. Only turn to me. Give me one look.

JANICE. Oh, Dad, Dad, I cannot!

CLOWES. We will go away to England.

JANICE. I would sooner die!

CLOWES. Oh, Janice, look at me, come. *(Hand out, suddenly grips her.)* By Heaven, you shall!

JANICE. *(Slips from his arms. Runs to fireplace)* No!

CLOWES. I say yes! *(As he starts toward her the door up* R. *is thrown open and* BRERETON *enters, muffled in cloak, covered with snow. A pause.* CLOWES *glares at* BRERETON, *who stands up* R.C., *absolutely still.* JANICE *at* R. *end of bench* C., *her right hand on mantel.* CLOWES, *breaking picture)* Who the devil are you, sir?

BRERETON. *(*R.C. *Gruffly)* Trooper Heinrichs with important dispatch for Colonel Rahl.

CLOWES. Whence come you?

BRERETON. Are you Colonel Rahl?

CLOWES. No.

BRERETON. My orders are to hold converse with no one but the Colonel. *(Up to window* C. JANICE *a frightened movement to door up* R.*)*

CLOWES. Your guard waits without, Mistress Janice. *(Crosses to* C.*)*

JANICE. You coward! *(Crosses to* L.C. *Starts up stairs* L. CLOWES *gives a low exclamation and starts after her.)*

BRERETON. *(Comes down* C. *and as if by accident gets between* CLOWES *and* JANICE*)* You spoke of the Colonel.

CLOWES. In yonder room, curse ye, Sir Trooper!

BRERETON. *(Salutes)* Thank you, sir. *(Makes a movement as if to go to door* L.2E. JANICE *gives a low cry as* CLOWES *makes a movement toward her.* BRERETON *takes chair from right of table* L.C., *plants*

*it in front of stairs and seats himself coolly.)* I'll wait the Colonel here! (JANICE *laughs quietly from stairs.)*

CLOWES. 'Tis not the end, Mistress Janice! *(Exit door up* R. JANICE *comes down stairs* L.C. BRERETON *crosses to* C., *turns and drops cloak. It is* CHARLES.*)*

JANICE. *(With a low cry)* How came you here? (JANICE *puts both her hands out to* BRERETON. *He kneels and kisses them.)*

BRERETON. *(*R.C.*)* Straight through the enemy's lines.

JANICE. *(*L.C.*)* You were on your way to General Lee?

BRERETON. Aye, he refused to join General Washington in the attack tonight.

JANICE. Tonight? *(Crosses to window* C.*)* They can never cross the river!

BRERETON. Aye, but they have. General Washington has not men enough and when Lee refused I rode to Sullivan. Ordered his men to march; they are on their way to Washington.

JANICE. And you?

BRERETON. I rode with the news for Washington, was set upon by a British patrol and trapped on this side.

JANICE. *(Crosses to* L.*)* And the dispatch you carry? Dare you meet the Colonel?

BRERETON. Aye, that's real. I ran into this Hessian dispatch bearer. We quarrelled. I rode on with his cloak and horse and this dispatch. He remained behind.

JANICE. You killed him!

BRERETON. I'm afraid not, but I wanted an excuse to come here to you.

JANICE. 'Tis madness.

BRERETON. Nay, you are here! That means my life.

JANICE. And the dispatch. Open it. *(Crosses to door* L.2.)

BRERETON. Nay, that is my safety. Look, the seal is unbroken. 'Tis a guarantee that I am what I pretend,—Trooper Heinrichs.

JANICE. But why do you remain?

BRERETON. I must rescue you. I must find out the disposition of the Hessian forces here.

JANICE. Think not of me, but Washington. How will he know? *(Crosses to* R.)

BRERETON. I've provided the way if I'm taken. See. *(Goes to table and gets candle.)* Listen! *(Goes to window and waves candle. Hoot of owl heard off* C. *three times.)*

JANICE. What is it?

BRERETON. When you hear that owl cry again it is my messenger, waiting.

JANICE. For you?

BRERETON. *(Puts candle on table)* Aye, and if I'm trapped I will throw my dispatch from the window and he will take it to Washington.

JANICE. 'Twill be too late.

BRERETON. Nay, the advance has begun.

JANICE. Impossible!

BRERETON. No. Washington crossed at McKonkey's ferry. The Continental Army is coming.

JANICE. God speed them. Ah, go, go! Join them! *(Pushes him up* C. *to door* R.)

BRERETON. And leave you? No, I'll stay.

JANICE. 'Tis madness. *(Crosses to* L.)

BRERETON. Nay, Janice, a cheap price to pay for seeing you.

JANICE. Mercy, man, you are in danger of your life.

BRERETON. 'Tis no novelty.

JANICE. And yet you calmly turn to tender speeches.

BRERETON. What else can man do when he looks into your eyes?

JANICE. Thou'lt need all thy wits to get safely away.

BRERETON. I can only think of you now.

JANICE. Take thy thoughts to something more serious, pray!

BRERETON. Nay, if you'll not have me, I care not whether I live or die. Ah, Janice, I love thee! Look, I am no longer Charles the bondman, but Colonel Jack Brereton of Washington's staff.

JANICE. My father says thy bond still holds.

BRERETON. And I tell thee it hath been cut with the sword. What I have done, Janice, is for thee. All my heart and brain lives but for thee, and I love thee as man never loved thee before.

JANICE. Fie, sir, so they all say.

BRERETON. So they have been following even here? 'Tis like iron on raw flesh to have Clowes look at you. Janice, you do not love him?

JANICE. How dare thee ask me that?

BRERETON. Forgive me. 'Tis my love for thee. And by Heaven I'll make you love me!

JANICE. Do you think that is necessary, Jack?

BRERETON. Janice!

RAHL. *(Off* L.2E.*)* Orderly dere!

JANICE. Hush! *(Runs up stairs* L.*)* The Colonel!

BRERETON. But one word, Janice! *(Starts toward* JANICE.*)*

RAHL. *(Enters door* L.2E. *He has an empty whiskey bottle in his hand and is drunk)* Orderly, diss bottle ish empty. *(Pauses as he sees* BRERETON. JANICE *turns on balcony, left hand on door, right hand raised, with finger on her lips.* BRERETON *stiffens to attention* C., *facing* RAHL. RAHL, *after a pause, breaks picture; puts bottle on table* L.C., *leans*

*over it, both hands on left edge, sways drunkenly.)* Who ter teufel are you?

BRERETON. Trooper Heinrichs, with dispatch from Sir William Howe.

RAHL. Come nearer der light.

BRERETON. *(Steps forward into glow of candle)* Here, Colonel.

RAHL. *(Grips candle in his right hand and holds it to* BRERETON'S *face)* I don't know you.

BRERETON. I have seen you often, sir.

RAHL. Vot regiment?

BRERETON. Van Dono.

RAHL. Yaw! *(Replaces candle.* BRERETON *salutes, goes to sideboard, gets bottle, places it on table* L.C.*)* Vell, de dispatch?

BRERETON. Here, Colonel. *(Hands dispatch. As* RAHL *leans to lamp to read it,* BRERETON *draws a pace nearer and looks over his shoulder at dispatch.)*

RAHL. So—send me disposition of forces in Trenton at your convenience. Um—um—more work. Hem! Oh, yaw, I have him here, written out. *(Rises and lurches to door* L.2E.*)* Damn dese doors, dey are too small! *(Exits* L.2E.*)*

JANICE. *(From balcony)* He suspects.

BRERETON. I don't think so.

JANICE. And yet you remain?

*(MUSIC Ready.)*

BRERETON. I want that paper for General Washington. It may decide this attack tonight, and save you.

JANICE. But——

BRERETON. Hush!

RAHL. *(Enters door* L.2E.*, paper in his hand)* So I have him here.

BRERETON. *(Holds out his hand for dispatch)* For Sir William Howe?

RAHL. *(Hand half extended)* Yaw! Here iss der paper. *(As* BRERETON *puts his hand out for it*

*the Regimental Band begins to play off* C. *a German air.* RAHL *turns dispatch in his hand, listening. Leaves it on table* L.C.) Potstansend, I had forgotten!

BRERETON. May I ask what that music means, Colonel?

RAHL. *(Laughing)* Hein, 'tis Christmas. Come to der window. You shall see a brave lot of boys. *(Reels slightly.)* Your arm, Trooper. (BRERETON *gives* RAHL *his arm. They go up* C. *Music grows louder.* JANICE *steals down stairs as music swells to forte. Goes to table, takes dispatch, places it in her bosom.)* Who's dot? *(Turns quickly down* L.C.*)*

JANICE. *(Crosses to* C., *laughing, makes him a curtsey)* 'Tis I, Colonel Rahl. *(The troop outside breaks into a German drinking song. Some are cheering, some laughing.)*

RAHL. *(Tears back curtains)* Ach, dose brave boys. *(Waves his hand.)* Trinkin aus, 'tis Christmas. *(The noise redoubles.)* So, dey hafe had a glass or two! *(Goes down to table* L.C. *The noise and music die away.)*

BRERETON. *(Down* R.*)* The dispatch.

JANICE. *(*C.*)* Have you lost something, Colonel Rahl?

RAHL. *(*L. *of table)* A paper, aye? No, here it is!

BRERETON. I'm ready, sir. *(Crosses to* C.*)*

RAHL. *(Calmly putting paper in his pocket)* You do not go tonight. You stay and trinkin vid us. Tomorrow you ride, eh?

BRERETON. But——

RAHL. Sit by the fire. Enjoy yourself.

BRERETON. *(Drops on settee by fire)* My chance gone!

JANICE. *(Down to him)* No! *(Drops paper she has taken from table into* BRERETON'S *hands.)*

BRERETON. *(Starts up)* Ah!

RAHL. Vot iss dot?

JANICE. Your trooper was so eager to reach the fire he moved too near.

RAHL. Dot was foolish.

JANICE. *(L.C.)* Are all those men who passed just now stationed here in Trenton? (BRERETON *moves near door up* R.)

RAHL. Yaw, und more! *(As* BRERETON *lays his hand on the door it is thrown open and a noisy crowd of officers enter.* PIEL, CLOWES, PHILEMON, SQUIRE MEREDITH *and* MOBRAY. *At the same time* TABITHA *enters on balcony and comes down the stairs* L.)

MOBRAY. 'Fore Gad, Colonel, your spirits are beyond praise.

RAHL. Ve vill have more, hey, Lieutenant? (LIEUT. PIEL *enters, door up* R., *salutes.)* Call all der orderlies, bring de punch, clear dis table. *(Two troopers enter and clear table. Place bottles from sideboard on it, place chairs, etc. Two troopers move table* L., *ready, to* C. *Other trooper places bottle on table from sideboard up* R.)

PHILEMON. *(Crossing* L.C.) We knew where bright eyes were awaiting.

MOBRAY. *(Down* L.C.) A forfeit, Lieutenant, but you have repeated my own words.

JANICE. Philemon, and in such a state.

PHILEMON. Aye, wouldst not marry me, thou saidst, and Dad told me to be a man, so then let's drink.

JANICE. Come, Tabbie! *(As they start for the stairs* L. *two German officers, one of them* PIEL, *get between them on the stairs.)*

PIEL. Nay, we cannot spare the ladies. *(A chorus of laughter.)*

MEREDITH. Colonel!

RAHL. Nein! Der ladies must stay. *(A chorus of "Aye! Aye!")*

MOBRAY. *(Leaping on chair* R. *of table)* 'Fore Gad, a toast! *(Yells of "Aye! Aye!" The men fill their glasses.)* Here's to the wittiest, prettiest damsel in all the Jerseys! *(Chorus of "Her name? Give us her name? Aye, her name?")* Aye, drink it, all on ye!

CLOWES. *(Raising his glass)* Guess it, ye knaves! *(Chorus, "Mistress Janice!" Cheers.)*

MOBRAY. Silence. There is one who does not drink.

EVERYBODY. Where?

CLOWES. Why, there! *(Throws his glass of wine at* BRERETON, *who is on settee by fire* R. BRERETON *falls off settee on to the floor, muffling his face in his cloak as he does so. All roar with laughter.)* The first one to fall. *(Moves over to* BRERETON, *touches him with his feet. All laugh.)* Get up!

JANICE. *(Springs to the head of the table)* Stop! Drink to the men ye are fighting, to those brave hearts that are freezing beyond the river. God send them warmth and victory! *(With a growl the men put down their glasses.)* Drink if ye be honest foes. Drink my toast if ye be men. You bully women, you rob and plunder in the name of your King. Drink, or I'll call ye cowards!

ALL. Aye to you! *(All drink.)*

PIEL. Now a kiss! *(As he starts to reel over to* JANICE *she screams.* BRERETON *has half risen during* JANICE'S *toast. As* PIEL *backs away from table he runs into* BRERETON, *who knocks him down. At once the room is in a turmoil.* CLOWES *starts forward.)*

CLOWES. By Heaven!

MOBRAY. *(Wheeling him by the shoulders up* R.C.*)* No!

RAHL. *(Starts up)* Dunder!

MEREDITH. By ———! *(Takes* RAHL *to* L.C. JANICE *and* TABITHA *back of table* C. *The door* R.

*is thrown open and* TROOPER HEINRICHS *staggers on, supported by* SERGEANT BUGER *and another Soldier.)*

HEINRICHS. Colonel—— The Colonel, quick! *(All down* C.*)*

RAHL. *(Down* L.*)* Here, sir. What de teufel is it?

HEINRICHS. Treachery, sir. I was set on, knocked on the head, my dispatch taken.

RAHL. *(Down* L.*)* Who are you?

HEINRICHS. Trooper Heinrichs. *(He salutes.)*

RAHL. *(Down* L.*)* Nein, Trooper Heinrichs iss here.

HEINRICHS. Aye, then he's the man that set upon me.

RAHL. Guard the door! (BUGER *and Trooper spring to door up* R. HEINRICHS *drops on chair* R. *of table.)*

MOBRAY. Where is the other trooper, Heinrichs?

BRERETON. *(Steps forward)* Here!

RAHL. You are an impostor!

BRERETON. He, not I!

CLOWES. There's one way to settle it.

RAHL. Vot iss dot?

CLOWES. This! *(With a quick movement he throws his arms across* BRERETON. *Struggles, oaths from men. Women scream.* CLOWES *and* BRERETON *separate.* BRERETON'S *hat off, cloak in* CLOWE'S *hands. He stands* R. *in Continental uniform, ragged, soiled.)*

MOBRAY. *(Up* L.C.*)* Charlie!

MEREDITH. *(Up* R.C.*)* Damme, Charles!

HEINRICHS. *(Rises)* You see, Colonel.

RAHL. You are a tammed spy, sir!

JANICE. Nay, he came to see me! (CLOWES *separates them.)* Spare yourselves the trouble, gentlemen. *(Up* C. *Crosses to* BRERETON, *gets his arm. He gives her dispatch.)*

MOBRAY. Mistress Janice, you snare into the hangman's noose all that look at you.

CLOWES. We lose time, Colonel—this fellow is a spy. *(Crosses to* R.C.*)*

RAHL. Come, sir, vill you ask your life of me? *(Cross to* C.*)*

BRERETON. No, and be damned to you.

HEINRICHS. *(Holding out glass of wine)* Come, drink to the King's health.

BRERETON. I'll see you in Hell first! *(With a roar the men draw their swords and put the points to* BRERETON'S *throat.)*

RAHL. Ah, he iss der cute one and I came near giving him dis paper, der one that tells of the forces here in Trenton. *(Takes it out.)* Dis paper—— Ach, mein Gott!

ALL. Well, what is it?

RAHL. Blank paper, der real one is gone.

CLOWES. *(Down* C.*)* Search him. (PIEL *and* BUGER *search* BRERETON.)

RAHL. Himmel, vere iss it?

*(A pause. The cry of an owl is heard distinctly off* C.*)*

MOBRAY. Hark! (PHILEMON *goes to window up* C.*)*

RAHL. Dat paper—vere is he?

MOBRAY. Well?

PHILEMON. Nuthin' to be seen. *(Comes back of settee* R.C.*)*

RAHL. *(Crosses to* BRERETON. *The officers and men gather about him over* R.*)* Vill you tell us vere dot paper iss?

BRERETON. Find out, Colonel.

RAHL. You are a spy.

BRERETON. Not proven, Colonel.

RAHL. You rebel!

BRERETON. Ah, you are brave men when my arms are lashed. 'Tis well for you they are. If my hands were free I'd take a pen and write these words to General Washington. (JANICE *creeps down to table, takes pen and ink, kneels by chair* L. *of table* L.C. *and writes as* BRERETON *speaks.)* "Trenton is at your mercy. Advance. The officers are drunk." *(A growl from the men.)* Aye, gentlemen, you know you are. "The men stupefied with liquor. Advance, for the honor of the Continental Army. Advance and attack at once."

MOBRAY. Gad, Charlie, 'tis well for us thy hands are bound.

BRERETON. And these words, with your own report of the Hessian forces, should go to Washington.

CLOWES. *(Down* L.*)* 'Tis easy to brag, Mister Bondman! *(During this speech* JANICE *starts up to window* C.*)*

PHILEMON. *(Turns and meets her)* What iss it, Janice?

JANICE. I'm faint! The window, sir!

PHILEMON. Aye, Janice. *(Takes her up* C.*)*

JANICE. Open it!

PHILEMON. Aye. *(Opens window* C.*)*

JANICE. A glass of cordial!

PHILEMON. Instantly. *(Goes to table* L.C. *As he does so* JANICE *raises her hand and throws the packet out of the window, then moves down and meets* PHILEMON *up* C. *The hoot of an owl is heard, first near, then in the distance.)*

RAHL. Vell, come, ve vill try him!

CLOWES. A court-martial, come.

BRERETON. Act quickly, gentlemen. You haven't much time!

JANICE. May I speak with the prisoner?

CLOWES. No!

RAHL. I command here, sir. Mistress Janice, you may.

JANICE. God bless you, Colonel. *(The officers go up* C. *and group about* RAHL *up* C. JANICE *goes over to* BRERETON.) Jack!

MEREDITH. *(Coming down)* I'll not endure this!

JANICE. Dad, he is a brave soldier.

MEREDITH. No, a bondman. *(Down* L.)

BRERETON. By Heaven, no man but you dare speak to me thus!

MEREDITH. Stand aside from him, Janice.

BRERETON. Janice.

JANICE. Dadda. *(Goes to* MEREDITH.)

MEREDITH. Ye see she loves me, bondman.

BRERETON. Janice, even you turn against me—

RAHL. We are all agreed. *(Coming down with officers.)* Dis prisoner iss a spy,—his punishment death!

BRERETON. *(Rising)* At your service, gentlemen. (RAHL *laughs. During this the officers, with a roar of drunken laughter, place* BRERETON *at window up* C. *During this officers stagger down* R. *and raise their pistols.)*

JANICE. *(Over* L.) Ah, no, no, Lord Clowes, in God's name, no! (SQUIRE MEREDITH *takes her by the arm and puts her on stairs* L.)

RAHL. 'Tis Christmas, und ve celebrate. *(All the officers roar with laughter.)*

RAHL. Ready, aim!

*(Musketry distant, a dropping fire; murmur coming nearer. Shots and noise coming nearer. The laughter and wagers among the officers continued until musketry is heard off* C. *Then absolute silence. Pause. Musketry nearer—the roar of a field piece, shouts off* C. *An* AIDE *staggers on, wounded, several Soldiers behind him.)*

AIDE. Save yourself, Colonel!
RAHL. What iss it?
JANICE. Washington has crossed the Delaware!

*(The men rush to quarters. Some barricade window* C. BRERETON *snatches a sword from* PIEL *—is met by* CLOWES *with sword.* BRERETON *and* CLOWES *fight.)*

FIRST CURTAIN

*Second Curtain*

*Several men fallen at window* C. BRERETON *on stairs fighting* PIEL *and* CLOWES. *Two Continental Soldiers at window, covered with snow, muskets clubbed, fighting British soldiers.*

*Third Curtain*

PIEL *down;* CLOWES *on defensive. Four Continentals on stairs fighting British soldiers. More men down at windows. Door up* R. *broken in. Four Continentals seen struggling with British. Four more Continentals at window* C.

*Fourth Curtain*

CLOWES, *disarmed, snatches rifle from dead soldier* C. BRERETON *after him. Fight. More Continentals at door down* L.

*Fifth Curtain*

CLOWES *disarmed, a prisoner. Stage filled with Continentals, ragged uniforms covered with snow. Drum and fife corps play "Yankee Doodle."*

BRERETON C. RAHL *wounded.* JANICE *and* TABITHA *on stairs* L. SQUIRE MEREDITH *a prisoner. Music—forte—picture.*

CURTAIN

## ACT IV

PLACE: *Interior at Yorktown.*

TIME: *October, 1781.*

SCENE: *The scene shows a Colonial interior; its walls damaged by the bombardment. The right upper corner of the room has been shot away, showing the sky. Down* R. *in the return piece is the outer door of the house. It is built solid in two pieces, but is filled with bullet holes. The old-fashioned fanlights on each side of this door are smashed and a person coming to this door can be distinctly seen before the door is opened. To still further carry out this effect, the upper panel of this door is smashed and only held at the edge by the wooden beading.* L.3E. *two steps lead to a small platform and a door to another room. In the center of the room is a large window with shutters. It is reached by two steps. Beyond this window is seen the City of Yorktown painted on the back drop. This drop is scrimmed about four feet from the floor and earthworks painted to represent the Continental line of siege works. The scrim is placed on those portions representing the redoubts that invest the city. When day dawns later in this act the redoubts are seen to open fire and the boom of cannon is heard. The back flat of the scene is torn and rent by the shells and the window-frames are jagged and splintered. On the left of the scene there is a large fireplace almost knocked to pieces; a few brands are burning in it. The furniture is in strict keeping with the*

*rest of the shot-riddled interior. The effect to be attained here is that the room has been magnificently furnished for that period, but shows the effects of the siege and a Continental bombardment.* R.C. *a couch battered by shells. Before the fire, table and two chairs. The rest of the furnishings are in a state of dilapidation, curtains hang from their fastenings, the pictures on the walls are shot-riddled and hang, some by one cord.*

*Curtain music to suggest spirit of scene; first a lively march, then descriptive.*

*As the curtain rises it is an hour before dawn. Bombardment at rise, but distant. Lights down.*

DISCOVERED: CLOWES *at mantel, leaning on it. The door* R.2E. *is dashed open and* PIEL *enters. He is dusty, uniform in disorder.*

CLOWES. Well?

PIEL. Tam close reliefs! A solid shot came too close!

CLOWES. *(L. of table* 1.C. *Pushing bottle on table towards him)* Fill your glass! You've been to headquarters?

PIEL. *(As he fills glass)* As you paid me to do, hey!

CLOWES. *(Sits* L. *of table* L.*)* You found, eh——

PIEL. Major Pilemon Hennion is to be sent through the lines!

CLOWES. Cornwallis' order, eh?

PIEL. Yaw, der end is near. The City of Yorktown cannot hold out much longer.

CLOWES. *(Rising and pacing stage up and down* C.*)* When does Hennion go?

PIEL. Within two hours!

CLOWES. How?

PIEL. Ach, I vas not paid to find that out, hey? *(Laughs and fills glass.)*

CLOWES. But you know. Here! *(Hands him money.)*

PIEL. *(Chinks money)* Your Lordship knows der vay to a Hessian soldier's heart!

CLOWES. Man, man, speak. If I'm taken, this cursed Washington will hang me for breaking my parole when I was captured at Trenton.

PIEL. Yar, I was exchanged; dot makes us a difference.

CLOWES. My life hangs on the next few hours. How does Hennion go?

PIEL. Dey hafe kept it quiet, but I know. Hush, a boat.

CLOWES. Good, I'd hoped it. Where, man, where?

PIEL. Hush. Der orchard by der Moore house, on the southerly side.

CLOWES. Fill your glass again, Lieutenant. 'Tis good news you bring me. *(Crosses to mantel* L. *Puts papers in pockets.)*

PIEL. You mean to go in dat boat, hey?

CLOWES. Aye, but not alone.

PIEL. *(Laughs)* Vill you have me, ach?

CLOWES. *(Bending over table)* I take Miss Janice Meredith.

PIEL. Dat iss a fine trick. You are not over dot yet, eh?

CLOWES. Over it! I've but one wish in life,—to have her, Janice Meredith, who played with me, laughed at me and left me like a schoolboy longing for her. She is the one passion of my life.

PIEL. But you cannot!

CLOWES. Wait and see. I broke my parole, took my life in my hands to be near her, win her. That's why I'm here in Yorktown now. 'Tis a last desperate throw for me, and by Gad, I'll have her!

PIEL. Von t'ing, be careful! (CLOWES *turns to him.)* Dere is a guard at der path to der boat. Major Hennion has a pass.

CLOWES. So!

PHILEMON. *(Enters door* R.2E. *In Continental uniform)* Lord Clowes!

CLOWES. Gad, 'tis Major Hennion. Welcome. Fill a glass for him, Lieutenant.

PHILEMON. *(Coming to* R.C.*)* Nay; these orders for you as Commissary General!

CLOWES. Have ye retired from the service, Major, that ye wear the Yankee butternut?

PHILEMON. I also have my orders, Lord Clowes, but they are secret ones.

CLOWES. By Gad, you're not the yokel who took up arms in New York with Howe.

PHILEMON. Truly, I'm changed in appearance, but sometimes I'd fain be the country boy again!

CLOWES. *(Running over papers in his hands)* Now here's a jest of Cornwallis'. Gad, he says reduce the rations when there are no provisions left.

PHILEMON. Looks like the end were near. Well, 'twill joy Janice.

CLOWES. Not done with that infatuation of thine yet, eh?

PHILEMON. Nay, are you?

CLOWES. Aye! Whistled it away months ago.

PHILEMON. My country breeding's too strong on me, I fear.

CLOWES. So you're to attempt a passage of the lines?

PHILEMON. How know ye that?

CLOWES. *(Laughs. Over to* PHILEMON*)* Tut, man, your whole appearance. Ye but loiter here now that ye may see Miss Janice once more.

PHILEMON. *(Dropping into chair* R. *of table* L.*)* Aye, ye've guessed it.

CLOWES. *(C.)* I trust ye make the attempt by water,—'tis safest!

PHILEMON. So I thought.

CLOWES. And are ye prepared to go at once?

PHILEMON. Aye, I'm but now come from Cornwallis. All's ready when the moon sets. *(Looks at paper; returns it to pocket.)*

CLOWES. *(To* PIEL*)* He has the pass! *(To* PHILEMON*)* God speed to ye!

PHILEMON. My thanks, Lord Clowes. *(Rises.)* I'll to Janice and then forward. *(As he starts to door* R. *the bombardment rises in sound.)*

JANICE. *(Enters* R. *with* SQUIRE MEREDITH*)* 'Tis a whole roof to shelter us, Dadda. (CLOWES *up* L.C. *with* PIEL.)

PHILEMON. Janice!

JANICE. *(Laughing)* And here's Philemon, like a good angel to comfort us!

PHILEMON. What has happened? Ye're not hurt, Janice?

JANICE. Nay, but no thanks to the saucy gunner who landed a shell upon the poor remains of our roof. Oh, Philemon, the only second dress I have is ruined!

MEREDITH. *(R.)* My curse on these rebels! They've robbed me of all, placed me in peril of my life!

PHILEMON. All, sir?

MEREDITH. Was I not attainted as a traitor, condemned and only spared by this rebel, Washington?

JANICE. *(R.C.)* Nay, Dadda, thou'rt alive; that's much to be thankful for.

MEREDITH. *(To* PHILEMON*)* Aye, and when I lay in prison, Greenwood sold and bid in by thy father. Oh that I had been there! *(Up* R.C.*)*

CLOWES. *(Down* L.C.*)* The fortune of war, sir!

JANICE. *(To* C.*)* Lord Clowes!

CLOWES. 'Tis my poor roof that shelters you, Miss Janice!

JANICE. Come, Dadda!

MEREDITH. Nay, I'm no more for the streets until they find the range of this hiding place.

CLOWES. *(L.C.)* I protest, Miss Janice. You treat me rudely. My only wish is to serve thee in our common peril.

JANICE. *(C. Over to fire with* CLOWES*)* Say you so? Then there's my hand.

PHILEMON. *(Up* R.C. *with* MEREDITH*)* Squire, I was on my way to give ye these. *(Hands paper.)*

MEREDITH. Aye!

PHILEMON. News came to me through the lines. Dad is dead.

MEREDITH. Say ye so?

PHILEMON. And these give Greenwood back to Janice.

MEREDITH. Philemon, lad!

PHILEMON. Nay; do not let Janice know. *(They go up* C. *and off* C. *to balcony.)*

CLOWES. *(L.C.)* And you've had no news from the hospital ship where your mother lies?

JANICE. *(L.)* Not for two days. No one has been allowed to pass the guard.

CLOWES. *(C.)* Leftenant Piel will bring word to you. Leftenant, you hear! (PIEL *comes down and salutes.)*

PIEL. Yaw, I will go.

CLOWES. *(Over to him* R.C.*)* Bring bad news, you understand? (PIEL *salutes and exits* R.)

JANICE. I can almost believe that I have wronged thee, Lord Clowes.

CLOWES. In truth, you have!

JANICE. *(L.C.)* Can you explain your cruelty to Leftenant Mobray; why you drove him from the service, cast him into a debtors' prison?

CLOWES. *(R.C.)* 'Twas not my act. He was

reckless. Spent beyond his means. Indeed, I tried to save him.

JANICE. And failed?

CLOWES. Aye; his misfortune is a grief to me.

JANICE. 'Twas kind of thee to think of him!

CLOWES. 'Tis heaven to have you say so.

JANICE. *(Over to mantel* L.; *puts it in order)* And what disorder you are in. Fie, sir, you need a woman's hand.

CLOWES. *(Over to* JANICE *above table* L.C.*)* My thought has been the same since I saw you there at Greenwood.

JANICE. *(To* C., *front of table* L.C.*)* Nay, now, no more, Lord Clowes.

CLOWES. And why? Are you still thinking of that bondman, Charles?

JANICE. Bondman no longer, sir, but Colonel John Brereton!

CLOWES. 'Gad, the rascal has more names than one can count.

JANICE. Pray Heaven he possess half as many lives!

CLOWES. And why?

JANICE. That I may see him again!

CLOWES. So thy thoughts are still of him, and yet he turned from you that night in Trenton.

JANICE. Ah, but I was to blame and he is hot-headed, rash——

CLOWES. With a fiend's temper!

JANICE. Reckless of danger!

CLOWES. Ever ready to quarrel!

JANICE. Aye, and all these qualities I dearly love. *(Crosses to* L. *Laughs and curtsies to* CLOWES.*)*

CLOWES. *(*C.*)* You mock me!

JANICE. *(*L.C.*)* Nay, dost not know a woman better than to attack her——

CLOWES. Aye, say it, her sweetheart.

JANICE. Nay, that's much too bold an expression.

I would say her friend. Thee knows I was born a Quaker.

CLOWES. *(Laughs)* Does the Friends' religion teach a maid to ensnare men?

JANICE. Nay, we learn to be charitable to enemies, to look on men as a necessary evil. *(Crosses to* C.*)*

CLOWES. *(*R.C.*)* Ah, may I not hope, Janice?

JANICE. *(*L.C. *Looking into his eyes steadily)* Nay, my heart is given elsewhere.

CLOWES. Brereton, curse him!

JANICE. I did not say so. 'Tis a secret. Colonel Brereton has been rude. He deserves discipline, and he shall have it when we meet. *(Crosses to* L. CLOWES *above table* L.C.*)*

MEREDITH. *(Down* C. *Enters with* PHILEMON*)* Nay, now, I'll speak my mind to her. Janice!

PHILEMON. *(Down* C.*)* Squire, you'll not say a word.

JANICE. *(Crosses to* MEREDITH, *arms about him)* Now what's all this? Dadda, you are ever going into a rage.

MEREDITH. Aye, I must speak. Squire Hennion is dead and Philemon now gives Greenwood and Boxley back to thee again. *(Hands papers.)* Lord Clowes, you'll pardon me. I'd have speech with ye.

CLOWES. At your service. I've some orders to give. *(*MEREDITH *to door* R.2E. CLOWES *over to door* R.2E.*)* You'll tarry for me, Major Hennion?

PHILEMON. Aye, Lord Clowes.

CLOWES. *(To* MEREDITH *as they exeunt* R.2E.*)* To the left, Squire. 'Tis sheltered from stray bullets.

JANICE. *(*L.C.*)* Philemon, what is it?

PHILEMON. *(*L.C.*)* Only to say good-bye, Janice. I'm to pass the lines tonight.

JANICE. I wondered at thy dress. Oh, the danger, Philemon.

PHILEMON. 'Tis Cornwallis' only hope.

JANICE. May thy life be spared, Philemon.

PHILEMON. 'Tis good of thee, Janice. Can ye not wish me success in my mission?

JANICE. Nay, that would be disloyal.

PHILEMON. I love your honesty. *(Takes her hand.)* Can, ah, Janice, can you not give me yourself?

JANICE. Thee knows, Philemon, thee knows.

PHILEMON. I'll not make it harder for you, Janice. For however it may pain me, I wish to spare thee.

JANICE. Ah, if you would only blame me.

PHILEMON. I cannot do that. *(Crossing to her)* General Washington has just sent me word that I am not only to be treated as a prisoner of war, but even after an exchange I shall be an exile with only a sword to depend upon, so it would have been no life for you.

JANICE. *(Rising and offering will)* You will take back Greenwood and Boxley.

PHILEMON. Only to have them taken by the State? No, no! If the laws will let me, I will come back and ask you for Boxley, provided I can bear the thought of a life of rust. Till then, God prosper you, and good-bye, Janice.

JANICE. Good-bye, Philemon.

PHILEMON. Good-bye, Janice. *(Crosses to door.)*

JANICE. Philemon!

PHILEMON. Nay, this is not the way to part. Come, give me a message to Tabitha.

JANICE. Wilst see her, Philemon?

PHILEMON. Who knows? My way lies through Trenton.

JANICE. Aye, I'd dearly love to tell her of the ball in Philadelphia, and the dress I wore there. Hast time for me to write a line?

PHILEMON. Aye, if you're quick. Pen and ink

are in there. I'll stand upon the step and cry as the old Phil cried: "Hoy, be there a lass there named Tabitha Drinkwater? Hoy, here be a letter for thee. The bearer wants a mug of ale." *(Chuckles in his old country manner.)* "Hoy, here be a letter for thee, an' the bearer wants a mug o' ale."

JANICE. Oh, Philemon, a good friend thou art. *(Gives him her hand. Exit* L.3E.*)*

PHILEMON. *(Stands* C., *with entire change of manner)* Friend! Well, it is enough. *(He gropes blindly for the chair* R. *of table* L.C. *and drops into it.)*

CLOWES. *(Enters door* R.2E. *with* PIEL) He's here. Good! Remember your news is, the mother calls for Janice. I'm to take her!

PIEL. And Major Hennion?

CLOWES. This drug will stupefy him. Let me get his pass and find that boat, then—*(Snaps his fingers)*—that for the rest. Major! *(Over to* PHILEMON.)

PHILEMON. Aye. Oh, Lord Clowes!

CLOWES. *(Getting back of table)* You're not a soldier, sir.

PHILEMON. And why?

CLOWES. *(Gets drug into glass)* You sit with a full glass by your side.

PHILEMON. *(Rises to* C.) I'm not in the mood!

CLOWES. Nonsense! *(Raises glass.)* One glass to your success! Can you refuse that toast?

PHILEMON. Nay, Lord Clowes, my thanks to you for your good wish. *(Drinks.)*

CLOWES. Success to you, Major, in your journey through the lines.

ORDERLY. *(Enters* R.2E.*)* Major Hennion!

PHILEMON. Here, sir!

ORDERLY. *(Salutes, hands papers)* From Headquarters!

PHILEMON. No answer. (ORDERLY *exits* R.2E.*)*

CLOWES. Well, God speed, Major.

PHILEMON. *(Starts for door* R.; *pauses)* There was something. Janice! Letter! (CLOWES *draws nearer him.)* Aye, I'll stand and call to Tabitha—Hoy—I—— I can't see. *(Turns; sees* CLOWES.) You traitor! I'm drugged! *(Clutches at* CLOWES, *reels.* CLOWES *catches him.)*

PIEL. Dunder!

CLOWES. He's in dreamland! *(Puts him behind couch* R.) The paper—— *(Gets it and tears it open.)* Good. Full instructions. Now the pass. *(Finds it on* PHILEMON.) Here. See him to the end of the lines. He can go no further. He has no pass.

JANICE. *(Off* L.3E.) Philemon! (CLOWES *motions* PIEL, *who goes to door* R. CLOWES *stands* R.C. *in front of couch beyond which he placed* PHILEMON. CLOWES *assumes air and manner as though he was reading report given him by* PIEL.) Philemon! *(Opens door* L.3E., *letter in her hand.)*

CLOWES. *(Taking no notice of* JANICE *and speaking to* PIEL) Very good, Leftenant. Call the lady!

JANICE. *(Down* L.C.) Lord Clowes!

CLOWES. *(*R.C.) Your pardon, Miss Janice, a report from the hospital ship on which your mother lies.

JANICE. Bad news!

CLOWES. Aye. She sends for you.

JANICE. How can I go?

CLOWES. Lord Cornwallis has sent this pass!

JANICE. Ah, he was ever kind to us!

CLOWES. I am to accompany you.

JANICE. And Philemon?

CLOWES. Gone on his mission.

JANICE. Without my letter?

CLOWES. A special order came; it was his duty.

JANICE. And Dadda?

CLOWES. Is already by your mother's side. Come!

*(As they start forward to door* R.2E. *it is thrown open and* BRERETON *enters, blindfolded, between two soldiers, one of them* MOBRAY.)

BRERETON. *(*R.C.*)* Stop! *(Tears off bandage.)*

CLOWES. *(*C.*)* You?

JANICE. *(*L.C.*)* Colonel Brereton!

BRERETON. Miss Meredith!

CLOWES. What do you here?

BRERETON. I come under a flag from General Washington to Cornwallis.

PIEL. *(In a quick aside to* CLOWES *on his* R.*)* Surrender near, quick!

CLOWES. Stand aside, sir. *(Hand out to* JANICE. JANICE *starts forward.)*

BRERETON. Do you go with him, Janice?

JANICE. Aye, to my mother. She has sent for me.

CLOWES. Your pardon.

BRERETON. Nay!

CLOWES. How dare ye?

JANICE. Ah, 'tis for my mother.

BRERETON. How know ye that?

JANICE. Leftenant Piel said so!

BRERETON. So!

PIEL. Yaw, is't necessary to be quick! (CLOWES *makes a movement to door* R.2E.)

BRERETON. Not yet, you cur!

JANICE. Colonel Brereton!

CLOWES. By Heaven!

BRERETON. How will you reach the ship?

JANICE. A pass from Cornwallis.

BRERETON. Where? Ah! *(Leaps forward and tears pass from* CLOWES.*)*

CLOWES. Curse ye!

BRERETON. Nay, 'tis a pass through the lines and instructions for Major Hennion!

JANICE. *(Shrinking to* L.*)* Philemon!

CLOWES. A mistake at headquarters.

JANICE. No, you told me Philemon had gone. You lied,—aye, lied. What have you done with him?

CLOWES. You rebel dog! *(Drawing sword.)*

BRERETON. Aye. Call us that,—outcasts, bondmen. It but increases your disgrace, for we have beaten you.

CLOWES. Not yet,—you're unarmed. Stand aside! *(As he advances,* BRERETON *springs aside, tears* PIEL'S *sword from him and faces* CLOWES R.*)*

BRERETON. Not yet!

CLOWES. Aye, I meant to have her, and will yet. *(Two thrusts.* CLOWES *reels back from* BRERETON.*)* Curse ye, fire on him! (PIEL *half draws pistol.* SOLDIER *on* R. *of doorway* R.2E. *half raises musket.)*

MOBRAY. *(Enters. Tears musket from soldier, throws him down, puts foot on him, covers* PIEL *with his own musket)* Don't move a hand!

CLOWES. What's this?

BRERETON. Fred Mobray!

CLOWES. You traitor!

MOBRAY. I escaped the prison you put me in. I serve old Britain as a private, but I'll see fair play! *(Fight between* BRERETON *and* CLOWES *short and sharp.* CLOWES *disarmed. Long parley off* C.*)*

JANICE. Hark!

CLOWES. *(*R.C.*)* God, what is it?

BRERETON. *(*C.*)* The long parley!

JANICE. *(*C. *At* C. *window)* And a white flag from the Bastion.

BRERETON. *(*L.C.*)* Go, sir. *(To* CLOWES*)* Washington will know how to deal with you.

MOBRAY. I'll be his guard. Gad, it joys me to meet a creditor thus. Forward! 'Tis thy debtor who follows; thy debtor with a musket! (CLOWES *and* PIEL *exeunt* R.2E., *covered by* MOBRAY.*)*

BRERETON. God bless you, Fred. (BRERETON *goes to* PHILEMON.)

JANICE. *(Down* R.C. *Sees* SOLDIER, *who picks himself up* R.2E. *where* MOBRAY *threw him)* Why, 'tis my soldier of Trenton. (SOLDIER *rises.)* Are thee hurt? (SOLDIER *grins.)* Ah, thy same expansive smile. Wear this, sir soldier. *(Gives him ribbon.)* So shall I know thee and care for thee when the war is over.

BUGER. God bless ye, Miss. *(Exit* R.2E.)

JANICE. A miracle! My soldier speaks! *(Crosses to* L. *Pause.* PHILEMON *has joined* BRERETON *and now exits* R.2E. JANICE *moves over nearer* BRERETON, *who stands* R.C. BRERETON *does not move.* JANICE *tosses her head and crosses to* L.C., *turning her back on him.)* My thanks for your timely aid, Colonel Brereton.

BRERETON. *(*R.C. *Wincing at her cool tone)* 'Twas nothing, only my duty! *(A pause.)* Your trouble will soon be at an end, Miss Meredith.

JANICE. *(*L.C.*)* Well? *(Crosses to* L.*)*

BRERETON. You'd have me go? *(Starts for* R.*)* 'Tis your way to play upon a man's heart, then throw him aside. *(Crosses to door* R.2E.*)*

JANICE. Nay, 'tis your fashion, rather.

BRERETON. *(Turns)* Not so! There's been no one but you in my thoughts,—aye, even when I served your father. Do you think a bondman's life easy?

JANICE. Then why endure it?

BRERETON. Ah, don't you know? To be near you. And when war came I thanked God, for so came my chance to be a man, and win you!

JANICE. Well, why hast thou not done it?

BRERETON. God knows! I've tried with all my strength, worked and fought for you, you, always that thought before me; my heart reaching out to the

day when I might lay my sword at your feet and say, "For you, Janice."

JANICE. Well?

BRERETON. But something has come between us, —your duty to your father's will—and—there's nought to be said—except good-bye. *(Starts for door.)*

JANICE. Dost give up the struggle?

BRERETON. Aye, when hope is gone, why battle on?

JANICE. There's still the joy of fighting,—that should please thee,—thou wert ever quarrelsome.

BRERETON. Not when you are beyond my reach! I cannot win you.

JANICE. Nay, that is quite past hope. (BRERETON, *after a pause, turns and starts for door.)* Ah, will you not speak?

BRERETON. *(Pauses, back to her)* What can I say?

JANICE. A cooler man should ask if he had not won already?

BRERETON. *(Turns to* JANICE) Janice!

JANICE. *(Dodges him behind table* L.C. *Around to* R.C.*)* I vow now, thou'rt beside thyself.

BRERETON. Don't. Ah, don't coquette with me.

JANICE. *(Avoiding him)* I protest. I know not the meaning of the word coquette.

BRERETON. All my life hangs on thy words.

JANICE. Coquette! Aye, I've heard the word before.

BRERETON. Ah, speak to me!

JANICE. *(Goes to him)* Can'st not ask the question I bid thee?

BRERETON. *(Looking into her eyes)* What?

JANICE. I have forgotten.

BRERETON. Janice——

JANICE. A plague on that memory of mine.

BRERETON. You torture me.

JANICE. Say you so.

BRERETON. Now I have it!

JANICE. If thou hadst not won already.

BRERETON. I fear to put it.

JANICE. Nerve thyself, thou man of war, and do not tremble. *(Crossing to* L.C.*)*

BRERETON. Have I won thee?

JANICE. Aye, Jack, long ago when you served Dad and loved me, even then my heart was yours!

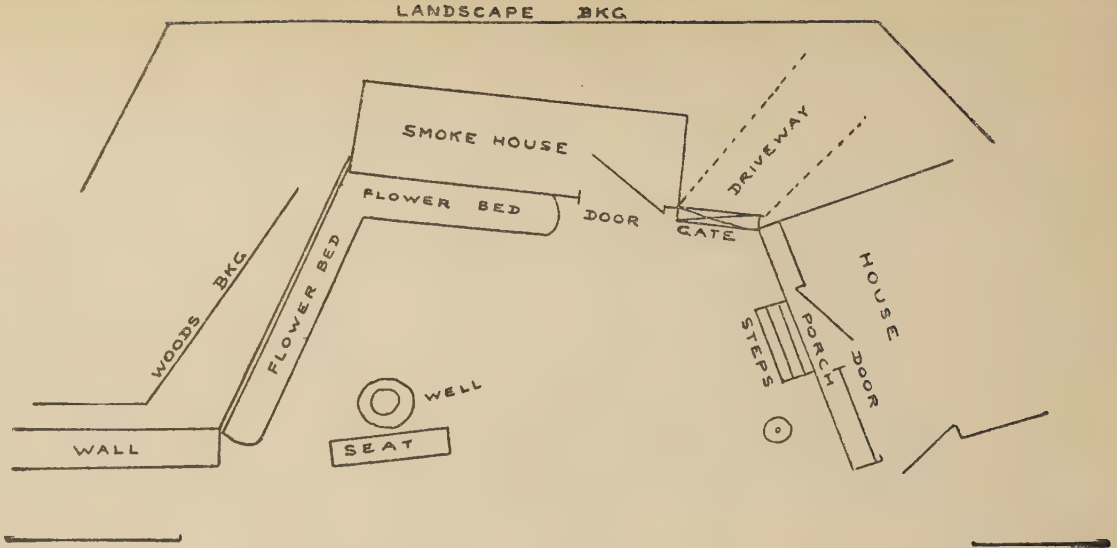
BRERETON. Janice!

*(Sentry heard off* R.: *"Nine o'clock, Cornwallis surrenders and all's well.")*

JANICE. Hark. Dost hear! *(Sentry off* R.: *"Nine o'clock . . . Cornwallis surrenders . . . All's well!")* I but follow Cornwallis' example and surrender, but to the man I love.

SENTRY. *(Nearer, off* C.*)* Nine o'clock, Cornwallis surrenders, all's well.

CURTAIN

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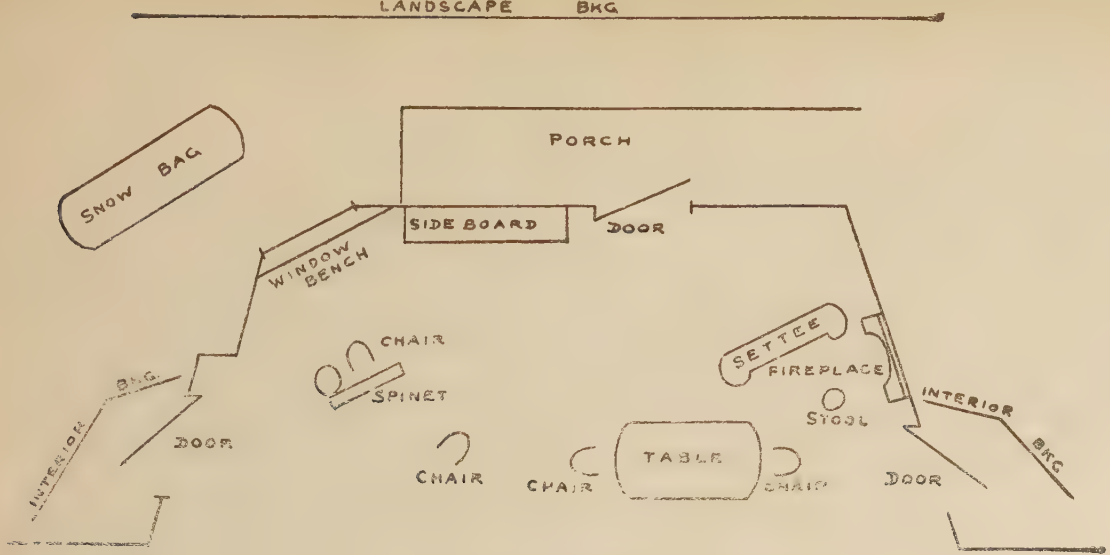
SCENE DESIGN. ACT I

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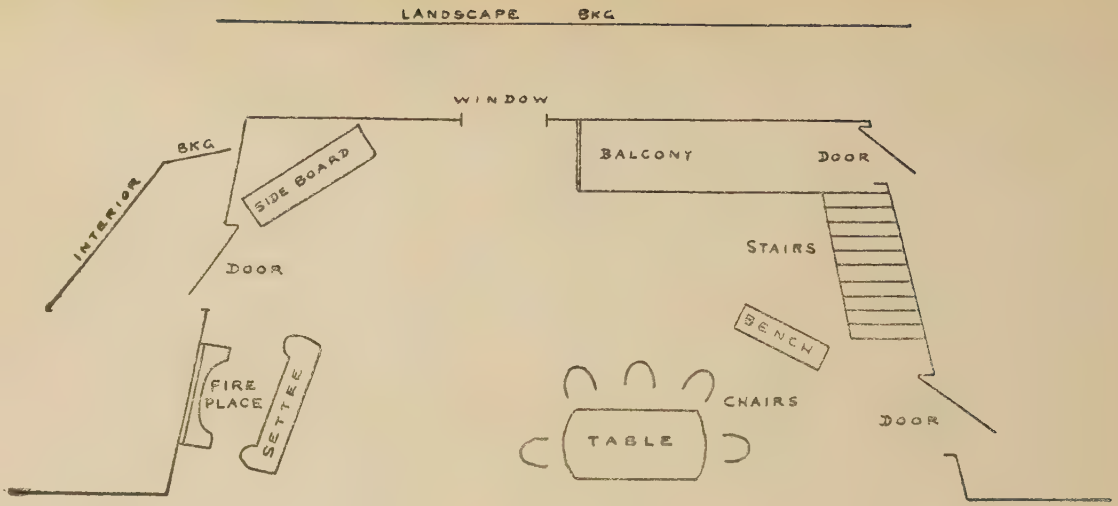


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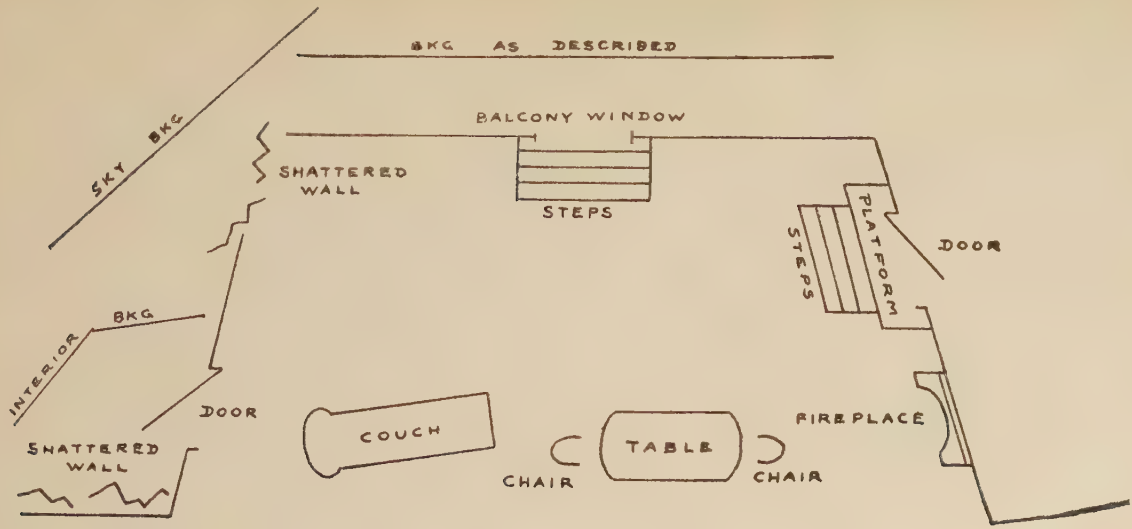


JANICE MEREDITH
SCENE DESIGN, ACT IV

# KICK IN

Play in 4 acts. By Willard Mack. 7 males, 5 females. 2 interiors. Modern costumes. Plays 2½ hours.

"Kick In" is the latest of the very few available mystery plays. Like "Within the Law," "Seven Keys to Baldpate," "The Thirteenth Chair," and "In the Next Room," it is one of those thrillers which are accurately described as "not having a dull moment in it from beginning to end." It is a play with all the ingredients of popularity, not at all difficult to set or to act; the plot carries it along, and the situations are built with that skill and knowledge of the theatre for which Willard Mack is known. An ideal mystery melodrama, for high schools and colleges. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) Price, 75 Cents.

# TILLY OF BLOOMSBURY

("Happy-Go-Lucky.") A comedy in 3 acts. By Ian Hay. 9 males, 7 females. 2 interior scenes. Modern dress. Plays a full evening.

Into an aristocratic family comes Tilly, lovable and youthful, with ideas and manners which greatly upset the circle. Tilly is so frankly honest that she makes no secret of her tremendous affection for the young son of the family; this brings her into many difficulties. But her troubles have a joyous end in charmingly blended scenes of sentiment and humor. This comedy presents an opportunity for fine acting, handsome stage settings, and beautiful costuming. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.)
Price, 75 Cents.

# BILLY

Farce-comedy in 3 acts. By George Cameron. 10 males, 5 females. (A few minor male parts can be doubled, making the cast 7 males, 5 females.) 1 exterior. Costumes, modern. Plays 2¼ hours.

The action of the play takes place on the S. S. "Florida," bound for Havana. The story has to do with the disappearance of a set of false teeth, which creates endless complications among passengers and crew, and furnishes two and a quarter hours of the heartiest laughter. One of the funniest comedies produced in the last dozen years on the American stage is "Billy" (sometimes called "Billy's Tombstones"), in which the late Sidney Drew achieved a hit in New York and later toured the country several times. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) Price, 75 Cents.

# NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH

Comedy in 3 acts. By James Montgomery. 5 males, 6 females. Modern costumes. 2 interiors. Plays 2½ hours.

Is it possible to tell the absolute truth—even for twenty-four hours? It is—at least Bob Bennett, the hero of "Nothing but the Truth," accomplished the feat. The bet he made with his partners, his friends, and his fiancée—these are the incidents in William Collier's tremendous comedy hit. "Nothing but the Truth" can be whole-heartedly recommended as one of the most sprightly, amusing and popular comedies of which this country can boast. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) Price, 75 Cents.

# SEVENTEEN

A comedy of youth, in 4 acts. By Booth Tarkington. 8 males, 6 females. 1 exterior, 2 interior scenes. Costumes, modern. Plays 2½ hours.

It is the tragedy of William Sylvanus Baxter that he has ceased to be sixteen and is not yet eighteen. Baby, child, boy, youth and grown-up are definite phenomena. The world knows them and has learned to put up with them. Seventeen is not an age, it is a disease. In its turbulent bosom the leavings of a boy are at war with the beginnings of a man.

In his heart, William Sylvanus Baxter knows all the tortures and delights of love; he is capable of any of the heroisms of his heroic sex. But he is still sent on the most humiliating errands by his mother, and depends upon his father for the last nickel of spending money.

Silly Bill fell in love with Lolo, the Baby-Talk Lady, a vapid if amiable little flirt. To woo her in a manner worthy of himself (and incidentally of her) he stole his father's evening clothes. When his woolings became a nuisance to the neighborhood, his mother stole the clothes back, and had them altered to fit the middle aged form of her husband, thereby keeping William at home in the evening.

But when it came to the Baby-Talk Lady's good-bye dance, not to be present was unendurable. How William Sylvanus again got the dress suit, and how as he was wearing it at the party the negro servant, Genesis, disclosed the fact that the proud garment was in reality his father's, are some of the elements in this charming comedy of youth.

"Seventeen" is a story of youth, love and summer time. It is a work of exquisite human sympathy and delicious humor. Produced by Stuart Walker at the Booth Theatre, New York, it enjoyed a run of four years in New York and on the road. Strongly recommended for High School production. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) Price, 75 Cents.

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# NOT SO LONG AGO

**Comedy** in a Prologue, 3 acts, and Epilogue. By Arthur Richman. 5 males, 7 females. 2 interiors, 1 exterior. Costumes, 1876. Plays a full evening.

Arthur Richman has constructed his play around the Cinderella legend. The playwright has shown great wisdom in his choice of material, for he has cleverly crossed the Cinderella theme with a strain of Romeo and Juliet. Mr. Richman places his young lovers in the picturesque New York of forty years ago. This time Cinderella is a seamstress in the home of a social climber, who may have been the first of her kind, though we doubt it. She is interested sentimentally in the son of this house. Her father, learning of her infatuation for the young man without learning also that it is imaginary on the young girl's part, starts out to discover his intentions. He is a poor inventor. The mother of the youth, ambitious chiefly for her children, shudders at the thought of marriage for her son with a sewing-girl. But the Prince contrives to put the slipper on the right foot, and the end is happiness. The play is quaint and agreeable and the three acts are rich in the charm of love and youth. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) Price, 75 Cents.

# THE LOTTERY MAN

**Comedy** in 3 acts, by Rida Johnson Young. 4 males, 5 females. 3 easy interiors. Costumes, modern. Plays 2¼ hours.

In "The Lottery Man" Rida Johnson Young has seized upon a custom of some newspapers to increase their circulation by clever schemes. Mrs. Young has made the central figure in her famous comedy a newspaper reporter, Jack Wright. Wright owes his employer money, and he agrees to turn in one of the most sensational scoops the paper has ever known. His idea is to conduct a lottery, with *himself* as the prize. The lottery is announced. Thousands of old maids buy coupons. Meantime Wright falls in love with a charming girl. Naturally he fears that he may be won by someone else and starts to get as many tickets as his limited means will permit. Finally the last day is announced. The winning number is 1323, and is held by Lizzie, an old maid, in the household of the newspaper owner. Lizzie refuses to give up. It is discovered, however, that she has stolen the ticket. With this clue, the reporter threatens her with arrest. Of course the coupon is surrendered and Wright gets the girl of his choice. Produced at the Bijou Theater, New York, with great success. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) Price, 75 Cents.

# COME OUT OF THE KITCHEN

A charming comedy in 3 acts. Adapted by A. E. Thomas from the story of the same name by Alice Duer Miller. 6 males, 5 females. 3 interior scenes. Costumes, modern. Plays 2½ hours.

The story of "Come Out of the Kitchen" is written around a Virginia family of the old aristocracy, by the name of Daingerfield, who, finding themselves temporarily embarrassed, decide to rent their magnificent home to a rich Yankee. One of the conditions of the lease by the well-to-do New Englander stipulates that a competent staff of white servants should be engaged for his sojourn at the stately home. This servant question presents practically insurmountable difficulties, and one of the daughters of the family conceives the mad-cap idea that she, her sister and their two brothers shall act as the domestic staff for the wealthy Yankee. Olivia Daingerfield, who is the ringleader in the merry scheme, adopts the cognomen of Jane Allen, and elects to preside over the destinies of the kitchen. Her sister, Elizabeth, is appointed housemaid. Her elder brother, Paul, is the butler, and Charley, the youngest of the group, is appointed to the position of bootboy. When Burton Crane arrives from the North, accompanied by Mrs. Faulkner, her daughter, and Crane's attorney, Tucker, they find the staff of servants to possess so many methods of behavior out of the ordinary that amusing complications begin to arise immediately. Olivia's charm and beauty impress Crane above everything else, and the merry story continues through a maze of delightful incidents until the real identity of the heroine is finally disclosed. But not until Crane has professed his love for his charming cook, and the play ends with the brightest prospects of happiness for these two young people. "Come Out of the Kitchen," with Ruth Chatterton in the leading rôle, made a notable success on its production by Henry Miller at the Cohan Theatre, New York. It was also a great success at the Strand Theatre, London. A most ingenious and entertaining comedy, and we strongly recommend it for amateur production. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) Price, 75 Cents.

# GOING SOME

Play in 4 acts. By Paul Armstrong and Rex Beach. 12 males, 4 females. 2 exteriors, 1 interior. Costumes, modern and cowboy. Plays a full evening.

Described by the authors as the "chronicle of a certain lot of college men and girls, with a tragic strain of phonograph and cowboys." A rollicking good story, full of action, atmosphere, comedy and drama, redolent of the adventurous spirit of youth. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) Price, 75 Cents.

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# MRS. PARTRIDGE PRESENTS

**Comedy in 3 acts. By Mary Kennedy and Ruth Hawthorne. 6 males, 6 females. Modern costumes. 2 interiors. Plays 2½ hours.**

The characters, scenes and situations are thoroughly up-to-date in this altogether delightful American comedy. The heroine is a woman of tremendous energy, who manages a business—as she manages everything—with great success, and at home presides over the destinies of a growing son and daughter. Her struggle to give the children the opportunities she herself had missed, and the children's ultimate revolt against her well-meant management—that is the basis of the plot. The son who is cast for the part of artist and the daughter who is to go on the stage offer numerous opportunities for the development of the comic possibilities in the theme.

The play is one of the most delightful, yet thought-provoking American comedies of recent years, and is warmly recommended to all amateur groups. (Royalty on application.) Price, 75 Cents

# IN THE NEXT ROOM

**Melodrama in 3 acts. By Eleanor Robson and Harriet Ford. 8 males, 3 females. 2 interiors. Modern costumes Plays 2¼ hours.**

"Philip Vantine has bought a rare copy of an original Boule cabinet and ordered it shipped to his New York home from Paris When it arrives it is found to be the original itself, the possession of which is desired by many strange people. Before the mystery concerned with the cabinet's shipment can be cleared up, two persons meet mysterious death fooling with it and the happiness of many otherwise happy actors is threatened" (Burns Mantle). A first-rate mystery play, comprising all the elements of suspense, curiosity, comedy and drama. "In the Next Room" is quite easy to stage. It can be unreservedly recommended to high schools and colleges. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) Price, 75 Cents.

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